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FOLKSONGS OF
MANY NATIONS

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FROM

the Editor.

22 Dec, 1894.

371 118

Elementary Composition

EDWIN DUBOIS WOOLLEY
G. A. REISNER
J. B. SHAW

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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FOR NORMAL AND HIGH SCHOOLS, SEMINARIES, ETC.

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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No. 1. Songs Patriotic, Devotional, Occasional. Folksongs of Many Nations.

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PREFACE.

THE National School Library of Song will present, in a number of small volumes, musical material adapted to varied wants in upper grades of musical instruction in schools. The series will not be graded as a whole, but secondary titles will indicate the scope and object of each volume. Special care will be taken to make the indexes full and serviceable, in order that the volumes may readily be used in connection with other instruction-books.

The first thirty-five pages of this first number of the series are devoted to songs of patriotism and devotion, and songs for special occasions. The topical index will show what variety has been attained in the selections. The arrangement and harmonization of the few familiar melodies of this first part will be found to differ in important respects from those of the various existing versions, — a fact which may give interest to renewed study of the songs.

The collection of folksongs may in truth be said to contain representative melodies from fully thirty nations, although in some cases several small races formerly distinct have become parts of one modern nation. Nearly all of these melodies have proved their title to the world's consideration by having been known and loved for at least two hundred years by the peoples among whom they originated. But few of the melodies in this collection will be recognized by the average singer, since the numerous foreign folksongs already familiar here have been intentionally excluded. A brief consideration of the folksong in general, together with some facts concerning the songs in this collection, will be found in the "Notes on the Folksongs," page 90.

In adapting the selections for school use, the limitations of youthful voices have been carefully regarded. With the exception of a few passages in unison with the bass, the tenor part contains no notes below *f*, and may thus be sung by low alto voices. On the other hand, selections have repeatedly been transposed or rearranged in order to avoid the unnatural or wearisome use of the upper register by any part. Here and there, in such rearrangements, it has seemed desirable, rather than to pervert the natural progression of a part, to add small notes for the use of voices of limited compass. These small notes are always connected by their stems with the notes of that part which

they are intended to relieve, and the instructor will, of course, observe in the preparatory study whether it is desirable to direct certain of the singers to sustain the added part.

There are but few translations in the book. When the original text did not easily lend itself to treatment, an English poem of similar character and metre has been sought out and adapted to the melody. It will become apparent on examination that in no case has violence been done to poem or melody; and opportunities are thus offered to unite literary with musical study.

The pages of the book have been arranged, in matters of form and type, so as to attain the greatest degree of clearness and the greatest economy of space. A song not over two pages in length has always been placed so as to avoid the necessity of turning the leaf. Hence the order of the songs does not correspond to the order of their difficulty. The "Graded List of Songs" in the Index gives, however, the place of each song in a progressive course of study.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Mr. Luther Whiting Mason, to whose friendly suggestion the plan of this Library is due. He has furthermore rendered valuable aid in securing desirable material for the book. The Editor is greatly indebted also to the many practical workers in schools who have kindly given him, by suggestion and counsel, the results of their successful experience; and to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and Mr. E. F. Endicott, for permission to incorporate in the book copyrighted poems and music.

NOTE. — The initial letters of the various voices — S., A., T., and B. — indicate which part or parts are to use the catch-lines before which these letters are placed.

NATIONAL
SCHOOL LIBRARY OF SONG
No. 1

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT

FROM AN OLD TUNE

Moderato.
mf
1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as-cend-ing, God speed the right! In a no - ble cause con -
2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed,—God speed the right! Ne'er de-spair-ing, tho' de -
3. Still our on - ward course pur-su - ing, God speed the right! Ev -'ry foe at length sub -
mf
mp
tend - ing, God speed the right! Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc-
feat - ed; God speed the right! Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we
du - ing; God speed the right! Truth our cause, what-e'er de - lay it, There 's no
mp
cres.
ff
cess on earth re - ward - ed. God speed the right! God speed the right!
fail, we fail with glo - ry. God speed the right! God speed the right!
pow'r on earth can stay it. God speed the right! God speed the right!
ff
cres.

HEAR ME, HEAVENLY FATHER

MRS. E. E. BROWN

Con moto.

p
1. Hear me, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear me! Low be - fore Thy
2. Heed me, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, heed me! Do not slight Thy
p
throne I kneel; Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me,
err - ing child; Stretch Thy lov - ing hand and lead me
Let my soul Thy pres - ence feel. All my way is dark and
Thro' the des - ert dark and wild. Weak am I to brave temp-
pp
drear - y, Hedged a - bout by gloom - y care; I am weak and
ta - tion, Blind am I to ma - ny a snare; Let Thy strength be
pp

LORD OF LIGHT

ANNA L. BARBAULD MARSCHNER

With spirit.
mf
1. A - gain the Lord of life and light A - wakes the kind - ling ray,
2. This day be grate - ful hom - age paid, And loud Ho - san - nas sung;
3. Ten thou-sand dif - f'ring lips shall join To hail this wel - come morn,
mf
Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours in - creas - ing day.
Let glad - ness dwell in ev - 'ry heart, And praise on ev - 'ry tongue.
Which scat - ters bless-ings from its wings To na - tions yet un - born.
f
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Thou Lord of life and light.
f

OUR FLAG

A. R. ROBINSON — CARL WILHELM

Tempo di marcia.

f
1. A - bove our Un - ion, broad and wide, From o - cean-side to o - cean-side, From
2. This flag shall nev - er suf - fer wrong; For all with mus-ket, sword, and song, Will
3. Our shouts shall ech- o round each throne, Till Free-dom o'er the world is known, Till
f
mp
north - ern hills to south-ern plains, One ban - ner shows that Free-dom reigns, And
leap from plow and bench and till, Like one to work dear Free-dom's will. Our
all man-kind, in ev - 'ry clime, Shall join the cho - rus, grand, sub - lime. Ten
mp
pp cres - -
sends a splen-dor shin - ing far, From out its folds of stripe and star; And sends a
flag no tyrant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleaming stripe or star; Our flag no
mil-lion swords the guard-ians are Of Free-dom's flag of stripe and star; Ten mil - lion
pp cres - -
cen - - - do. ff
splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds . . of stripe and star.
ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star.
swords the guard - ians are Of Free-dom's flag . . of stripe and star.
cen - - - do. ff

HYMN OF PRAISE

GRANT Arr. from OBERTHUR

Andante.
mp
1. When, stream-ing from the east - ern skies, ... The morn-ing
2. When each day's scenes and la - bors close, . . . And wea - ried
mp
sun sa - lutes mine eyes, . . O Sun of Right-eous - ness di -
na - ture seeks re - pose, . . With par-d'ning mer - cy rich - ly
vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine! . . O chase the clouds of
blest, Guard me, O Fa - ther, while I rest; . . . And, as each morn - ing
rit.
doubt a - way, . . And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
sun shall rise, . . O lead me on - ward to the skies.
rit.

NOW COMES THE SPRING-TIME

Andante grazioso. OELSCHLAEGER

Now sure-ly comes the spring-time, With bird and song and flow'r, The res-ur-

rec-tion of all na - - ture When past is win-ter's pow'r. For

B. For

us . . . . the spring shall blos-som, When Death's dark reign is o'er; We

T. blos - - som,

us the spring shall blos-som, When Death's dark reign is o'er,

T. The life for ev-er-

wait for it, We wait for it with long-ing, We wait, O, we

more, for ev - er,

cres. *dim.*

wait for it with long-ing, The life for ev-er-more.

cres. *dim.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE FLAG

HOSEA H. LINCOLN

Maestoso.

f
1. Flag of the Stars! ev - er o - ver us wave; In
2. Flag of the Stripes! States thir - teen u - nite, And
3. Flag of the Red! that our he - roes have shed For
4. Flag of the White! in that col - or u - nite The
5. Flag of the Blue! o - ver - arch - ing the sky, Let
f
sun - shine and storm shed thy glo - ry and light. For
this great Re - pub - lic springs forth in - to birth! Such
life of the na - tion on land and on sea. For
bright rain - bow hues of the sun - light pure. Let
breez - es of heav - en thy beau - ty ca - ress! The
cres.
thee, star - ry flag, . . all dan - gers we 'll brave, . . Thou
un - ion of hearts . . and hands for the right . . May
un - ion they fought, . for lib - er - ty bled; . . They
rac - es here mix, . . as col - ors in white, . . Till
rights of man - kind in thy prin - ci - ples lie,—. . . A -
cres.
em - blem of free - dom, of jus - tice, of right!
fed - er - ate yet all the peo - ples of earth.
made this Re - pub - lic the home of the free.
lib - er - ty's bless - ings we all may se - cure.
mer - i - ca's ban - ner all na - tions shall bless.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

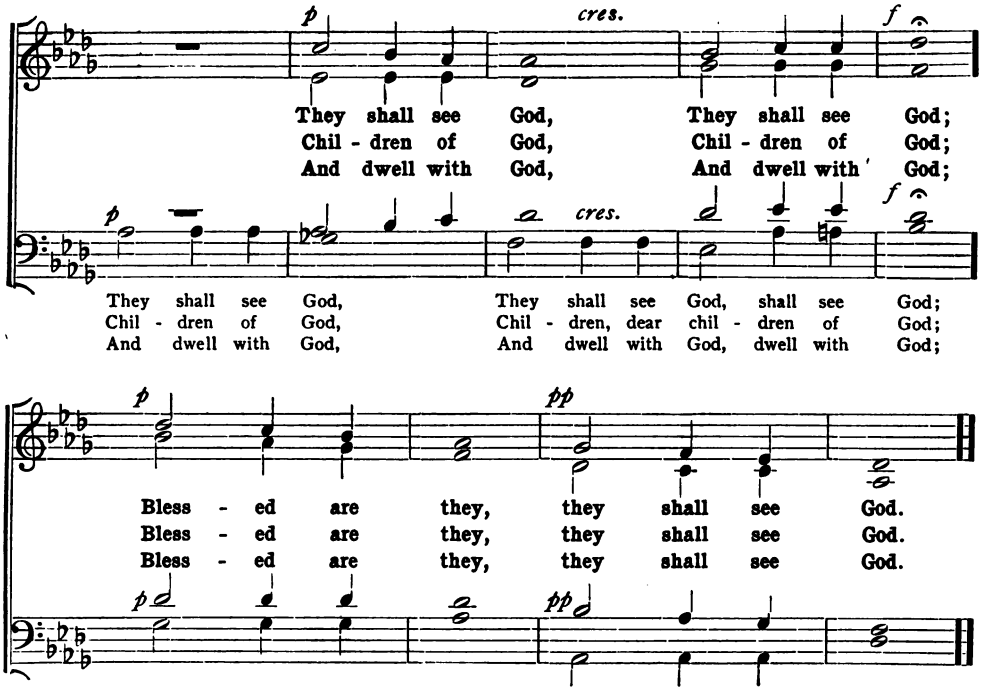
1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen, thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. O thus be it ev - er, when free - men shall stand Be -
proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing?
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight—O'er the
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the Heav'n - res - cued land Praise the
ram - parts we watch'd— were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion!

mf
And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam In full
Then con - quer we must, for our cause it is just; And
mp
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there: O
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'T is the
this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust;" And the
cres.
f
say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner; O, long may it wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the
cres.
ff
land of the free and the home of the brave?
land of the free and the home of the brave!
land of the free and the home of the brave!

BLESSED ARE THEY

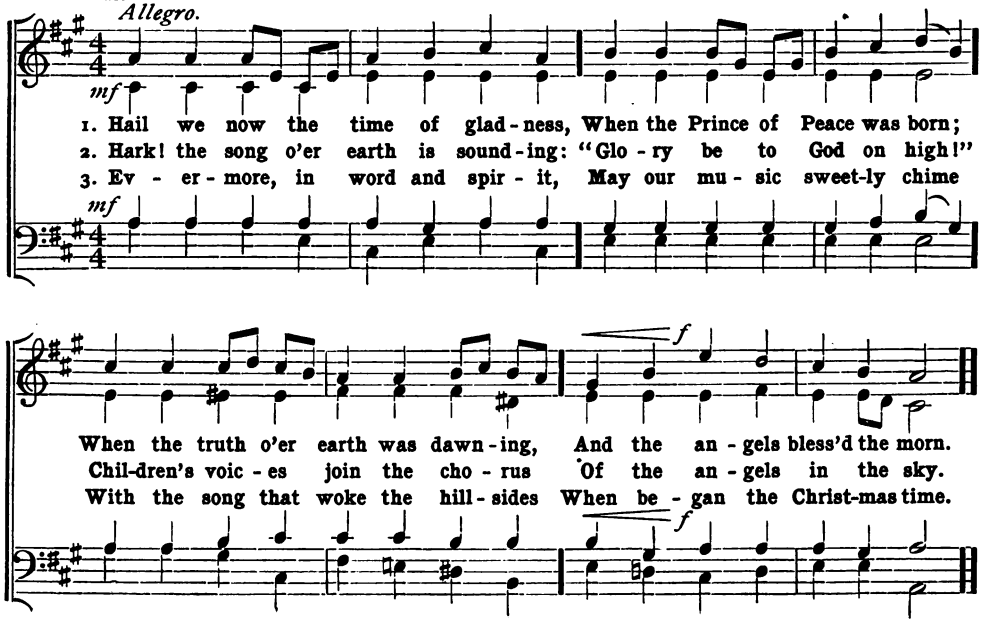
WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

Andante.
cres.
p
1. They who have kept their spir - it's vir - gin white - ness
2. They shall see God! O glo - ri - ous fru - i - tion
3. So when the meas - ure of their faith is met - ed,
mf
dim.
Un - dimm'd by fol - ly and un - stain'd by sin, . .
Of all their hopes and long - ings here be - low! . .
And an - gels beck - on to their courts on high, . .
And made their fore - heads ra - diant with the bright - ness
They shall see God in be - a - tif - ic vi - sion,
Fill'd with all grace, the work di - vine com - plet - ed,
Of the pure truth whose tem - ple is with - in,—
And ev - er - more in - to His like - ness grow!
They shall put on their im - mor - tal - i - ty,


p
cres.
f
They shall see God, They shall see God;
Chil - dren of God, Chil - dren of God;
And dwell with God, And dwell with God;
p
cres.
f
They shall see God, They shall see God, shall see God;
Chil - dren of God, Chil - dren, dear chil - dren of God;
And dwell with God, And dwell with God, dwell with God;
p
pp
Bless - ed are they, they shall see God.
Bless - ed are they, they shall see God.
Bless - ed are they, they shall see God.
p
pp

GLORIA

P. A. H.

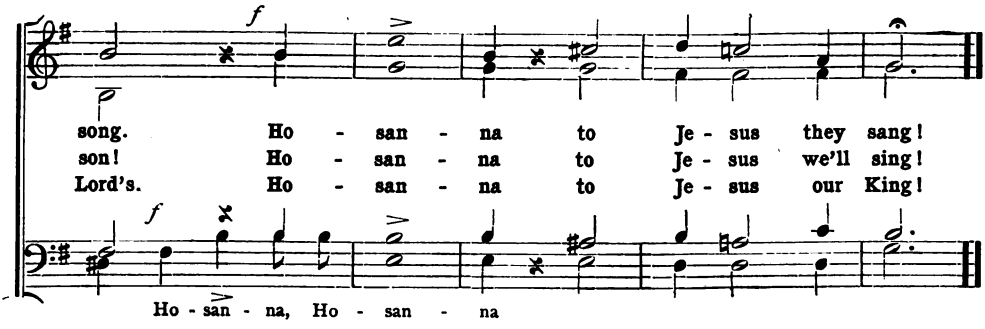

Allegro.
mf
1. Hail we now the time of glad - ness, When the Prince of Peace was born;
2. Hark! the song o'er earth is sound - ing: "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
3. Ev - er - more, in word and spir - it, May our mu - sic sweet-ly chime
mf
f
When the truth o'er earth was dawn - ing, And the an - gels bless'd the morn.
Chil-dren's voic - es join the cho - rus Of the an - gels in the sky.
With the song that woke the hill - sides When be - gan the Christ-mas time.
f

HOSANNA!

REV. JOHN KING

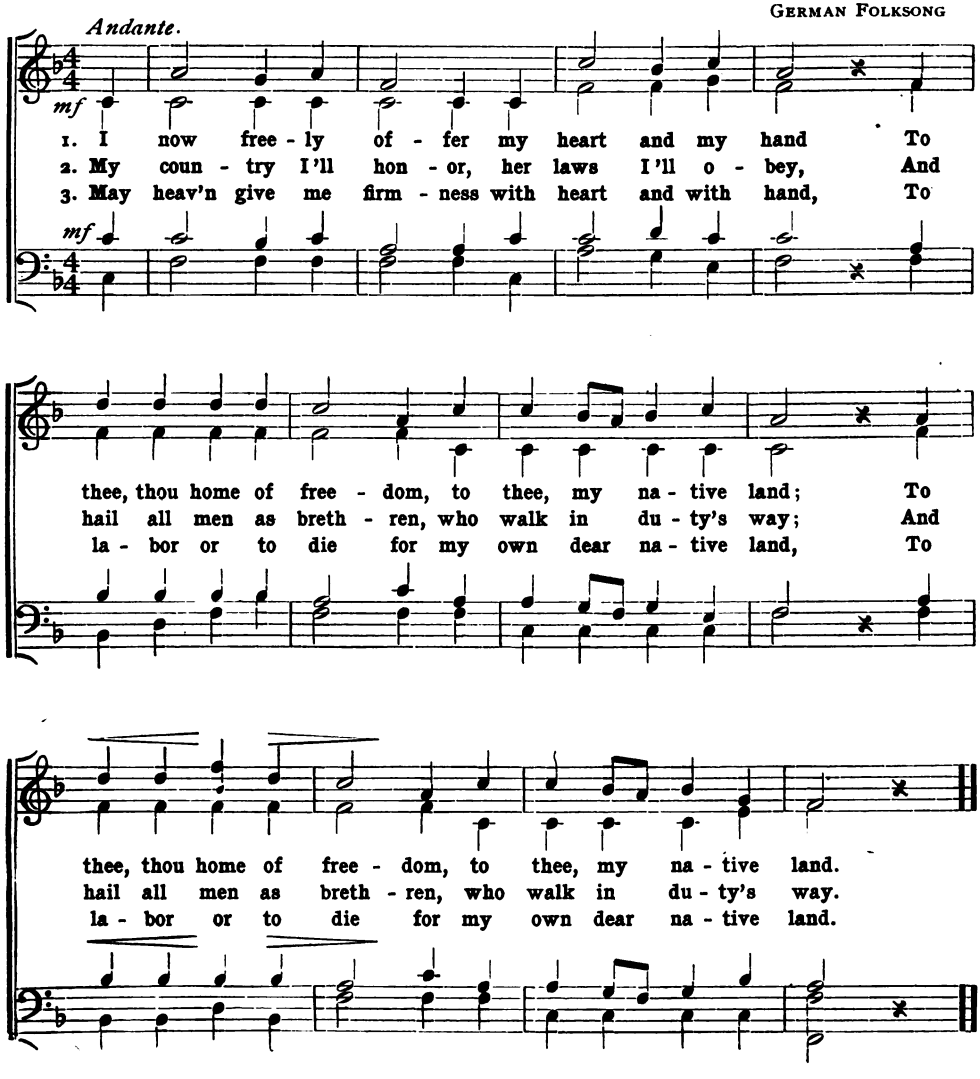
With spirit.

mf
1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,
mf
cres.
dim.
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name.
Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill,
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.
cres.
dim.
p
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him; But, as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a-round His ban - ner Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?
p
mp
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their
And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al
No! while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the
mp



MY NATIVE LAND

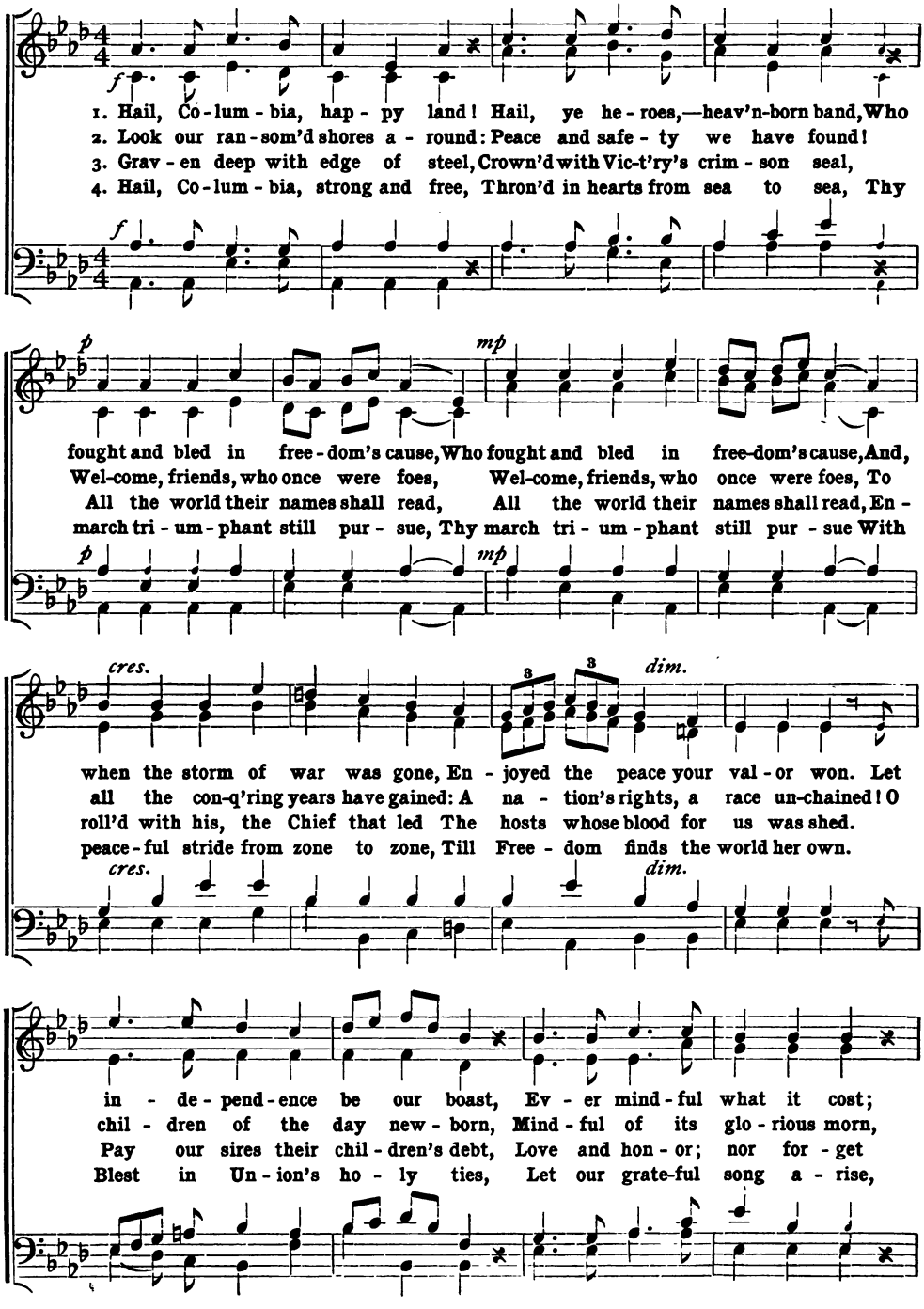
GERMAN FOLKSONG


Andante.
mf
1. I now free - ly of - fer my heart and my hand To
2. My coun - try I'll hon - or, her laws I'll o - bey, And
3. May heav'n give me firm - ness with heart and with hand, To
mf
thee, thou home of free - dom, to thee, my na - tive land; To
hail all men as breth - ren, who walk in du - ty's way; And
la - bor or to die for my own dear na - tive land, To
thee, thou home of free - dom, to thee, my na - tive land.
hail all men as breth - ren, who walk in du - ty's way.
la - bor or to die for my own dear na - tive land.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Verse 1 by JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1798
Verses 2-4 by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1887

Tune, "THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH"


1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes,—heav'n-born band, Who
2. Look our ran-som'd shores a-round: Peace and safe-ty we have found!
3. Grav-en deep with edge of steel, Crown'd with Vic-t'ry's crim-son seal,
4. Hail, Co-lum-bia, strong and free, Thron'd in hearts from sea to sea, Thy
fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And,
Wel-come, friends, who once were foes, Wel-come, friends, who once were foes, To
All the world their names shall read, All the world their names shall read, En-
march tri-um-phant still pur-sue, Thy march tri-um-phant still pur-sue With
when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won. Let
all the con-q'ring years have gained: A na-tion's rights, a race un-chained! O
roll'd with his, the Chief that led The hosts whose blood for us was shed.
peace-ful stride from zone to zone, Till Free-dom finds the world her own.
in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost;
chil-dren of the day new-born, Mind-ful of its glo-rious morn,
Pay our sires their chil-dren's debt, Love and hon-or; nor for-get
Blest in Un-ion's ho-ly ties, Let our grate-ful song a-rise,

mf
p
Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar
Let the pledge our fa - thers signed Heart to heart for -
On - ly Un - ion's gold - en key Guards the ark of
Ev - 'ry voice its trib - ute lend, All in lov - ing
mf
p
REFRAIN.
mf
reach the skies. 1. Firm, u - ni - ted let us be,
ev - er bind! 2-4. While the stars of heav'n shall burn,
Lib - er - ty!
cho - rus blend!
mf
Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty, As a band of
While the o - cean's tides re - turn, Ev - er may the
cres.
f
broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.
cir - cling sun Find the Ma - ny still are One.
cres.
f

Verses 2-4 are used by permission of Messrs. Houghton. Mifflin & Co.

HELP THY CHILDREN

EMMA LAMBERT

Allegretto.
mp
1. God make my life a lit - tle light With - in the world to glow,—
2. God make my life a lit - tle flow'r That giv - eth joy to all,
3. God make my life a lit - tle staff Where - on the weak may rest,
mp
cres.
dim.
A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright Wher - ev - er I may go!
Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r, Al - though its place be small!
That so what health and strength I have May serve my neigh-bors best!
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
O Fa - ther, help Thy chil - dren! Do Thou our foot - steps guide!
p
cres.
f
We walk in peace and safe - ty While keep-ing at Thy side.
f

THE SILENT OAR

LUCY LARCOM

Andante tranquillo.

p
1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er,
2. Can the ties that make us here Know our-selves im - mor - tal,
3. He, who plants with - in our hearts All this deep af - fec - tion,
cres.
dim.
And I stand up - on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er,
Drop a - way like fo - liage sere At life's in - ner por - tal?
Giv - ing, when the form de - parts, Fade - less rec - ol - lec - tion,
Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?—
What is ho - li - est be - low Must for - ev - er live and grow,—
Will but clasp th' un-brok - en chain Clos - er when we meet a - gain,—
Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?
What is ho - li - est be - low Must for - ev - er live and grow.
Will but clasp th' un-brok - en chain Clos - er when we meet a - gain.

WHEN THE MOURNER, WEEPING

From the German of OSWALD, by FRANCES E. COX

Con moto.
p
1. Where the mourn - er, weep - ing, Sheds the se - cret tear,
2. Raise thine eyes to heav - en When thy spi - rits quail,
3. All our woe and sad - ness In this world be - low
cres . .
God His watch is keep - ing, Though none else be near.
When, by tem - pests driv - en, Heart and cour - age fail.
Bal - ance not the glad - ness We in heav'n shall know,—
cres. . .
mp
He will nev - er leave thee; All thy wants He knows,
When in grief we lan - guish, He will dry the tear,
When our gra - cious Sav - iour, In the realms a - bove,
dim.
Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy hid - den woes.
Who His chil - dren's an - guish Soothes with com - fort near.
Crowns us with His fa - vor, Fills us with His love.
dim.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS

Andante.
p
1. Hand in hand with an - gels, Through the world we go!
2. Hand in hand with an - gels! Some are out of sight,
3. Hand in hand with an - gels, Walk - ing ev - 'ry day!
cres.
dim.
Bright - er eyes are on us Than we, blind, can know;
Lead - ing us, un - know - ing, In - to paths of light:
How the chain may bright - en, None of us can say;
Tend - 'rer voi - ces cheer us Than we, deaf, will own:
Some soft hands are cov - er'd From our mor - tal clasp,
Yet it doubt - less reach - es From the low - est one
rit.
f
Nev - er walk - ing heaven - ward, Can we walk a - lone?
Soul in soul to hold us With a firm - er grasp.
To the loft - iest ser - aph, Stand - ing near the throne.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

E. S. COFFIN

Con spirito.
mf
1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise, For
mf
breath our souls in - spired; Loud and more loud the
good - ness, pass - ing thought, Loads ev - 'ry mo - ment
hope's trans - port - ing ray, Which lights thro' dark - est
cres.
an - thems raise, With grate - ful ar - dor fired.
as it flies With ben - e - fits un - sought.
shades of death To realms of end - less day.
cres.

ABIDE WITH ME!

H. F. LYTE

From MENDELSSOHN

Con moto.
p
1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour. What like Thy
3. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
p

deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
grace to com - fort me hath pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where,
pp
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine O a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!
pp

THANKSGIVING

Allegro.
mf
1. Know that the Lord is good: His hand is o - pen wide;
2. While we re - joice to - day, And heart's ob - la - tion give,
3. For all Thy gifts be - stowed So free - ly thro' the year,
mf
Rich gifts He sends to all . . Who on the earth a - bide.
O may our minds be formed . A Chris - tlan life to live.
Ac - cept our thanks, O God, . E - ter - nal, ev - er near.

SONG FOR A FÊTE-DAY

FRENCH FOLKSONG

Allegro.
mf
1. O hap - py scene! The glow - ing skies a - bove us Look
2. With mirth and song our voi - ces now are ring - ing; Our
3.*A spring - time glo - ry bathes the hills and moun - tains, And
mf
mp
down with smiles up - on this joy - ous day, We wel - come
ea - ger feet in light-some meas - ure tread; And joy - ous
ver - dant mead - ows teem with flow'r - y sweets; And laugh - ing
mp
cres.
here the pre - cious friends who love us, And bid you all re -
hearts break forth in raptur - ous sing - ing, And bid you all re -
brooks break forth from crys - tal foun - tains To bid you all re -
cres.
ff
dim.
mf
mp
joice, re - joice, re - joice, And bless this hap - py, hap - py day.
ff
dim.
mf
mp

* The third stanza is intended especially for Arbor Day. When the song is used for that festival, the end of the refrain may be sung each time thus: "And bless this happy Arbor Day."

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

WILLIAM COLLINS

Andante con moto.

1. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their coun-try's wish - es
2. By fair - y hands their knell is rung; By forms un - seen their dirge is

blest! When love - ly Spring, with rev - 'rent tread, Re - turns to deck their
sung; There Hon - or comes, a pil - grim grey, To bless the turf that

hal - low'd bed, She there shall dress a sweet - er sod Than fan - cy's
wraps their clay; And Free - dom shall a - while re - pair, To dwell, a

feet have ev - er trod; She there shall dress a sweet - er sod Than
weep - ing her - mit, there; And Free - dom shall a - while re - pair, To

CODA.

fan - cy's feet have ev - er trod.
dwell, a weep - ing her - mit, there! How sleep the brave, the brave!

O GIVE THANKS

Sir GEORGE ELVEY

Allegro.
f
O give thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord, O give thanks, O give
s. name, and call up - on His
A. And call up - on His name, and
thanks un - to the Lord, and call up - on His name, call up -
B. And call up - on His name, and
name, and call up - on His name, call . . up - on His
call up - on His name, His name, and
on His name, up - on His name, and
call up - on His name, up - on His name,
name, call up - on His name, and
p
call up - on His name, His name, call . . up - on His
call, and call up-on His name, and

call up - on His name, call . . up - on His name.
name, His name, up - on His name.
call up - on His name, call up - on His name. Tell the
Tell the peo - ple what things, tell the
Tell the peo - ple what
peo - ple what things, what things He hath done,
Tell the peo - ple what things He hath done, tell the
peo - ple what things, tell the peo - ple what things He hath
things, tell the peo - ple what things, what things He hath
tell, tell the peo - ple what things He hath
peo - ple what things, tell the peo - ple what things He hath
s. thanks, give thanks un - to the
done, tell the peo - ple what things He hath done. O give thanks, O give thanks un -
B. thanks, give
Lord, the Lord,
to the Lord, O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, thanks unto the Lord.
thanks un - to the Lord,

BELOV'D AMERICA

Andante maestoso.
mp
cres.
1. Fair shrine of Lib - er - ty, All na - tions bless thee! Hap - py, thrice
2. Wise - ly our fa - thers laid Thy broad foun - da - tion; Proud-ly 'gainst
3. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Fa - ther, O heed us! Thou who our
dim.
hap - py we, We, who pos - sess thee! Thine hon - or to main-tain
kings ar - rayed Shaped thee a na - tion. Now we, their sons and thine,
guide must be, Truthward O lead us! Through us to all make known,
Pledge we de - vo - tion; Strong faith in thee shall reign
See thy ripe beau - ty, And in our hearts en - shrine
Free - dom's sal - va - tion, Till man shall God en - throne
'Midst all com - mo - tion, Be - lov'd, be - lov'd A - mer - - - i - ca!
Thee, and our du - ty, Be - lov'd, be - lov'd A - mer - - - i - ca!
O'er one free na - tion,—Like thee, be - lov'd A - mer - - - i - ca!
ff

THE EVENING SHADES ARE FALLING

Con tenerezza.
p
1. The eve - ning shades are fall - ing, The sky is clear and blue; Now
2. In dreams the lark is soar - ing High through the balm - y air; What
3. Now fades the star - ry splen - dor, And dark - ly comes the night, And
slum - ber all the flow - ers, As gen - tly falls the dew. The
ev - 'ry flow'r is dream - ing Ex - hales in fra - grance rare. The
fast the storm-clouds, ris - ing, Ob - scure the sil - v'ry light. Sleep,
poco cres.
mf
birds have hushed their sing - ing,— O troub - le not their rest! A
u - ni - verse, all - glo - rious, Con - tains their lit - tle part, And
lit - tle birds, sleep sweet - ly; Sleep, blos - soms, bright with dew; And
poco cres.
mf
rit.
world of hope is throb - bing In ev - 'ry lit - tle breast.
heav'n a - bove em - bra - ces The heav'n with - in my heart.
sleep, O hap - py chil - dren, For God hath care of you.
rit.

TO THE HILLS I LIFT MINE EYE

Andante con espressione.

1. Far be - yond the shores of o - cean Lies the world so fair and
2. In the love - ly ver - dant mead - ows, In the still and sol - emn
3. Sun-ny stream, so swift - ly flow - ing On thy far and wind - ing
4. On the spire that ris - es heav'n - ward Gleams the cross, with mean - ing
bright; But, for me, the best and dear - est Dwell on yon - der gold-en height.
wood, Na-ture's fair de - lights a - wak - ing, Fail to cheer my pen - sive mood.
way, Bring a greet - ing on thy bo - som For my long - ing heart to - day.
fraught; But it hides what most I cher - ish—'T is a lit - tle hum - ble cot.
pSOLI.
To the hills I lift mine eye; With the clouds would homeward fly, Homeward,
CHORUS.
ritard.
homeward, homeward would I fly; Homeward, home-ward, homeward would I fly.
ritard.

SLEEP, COMRADES, SLEEP *

H. W. LONGFELLOW

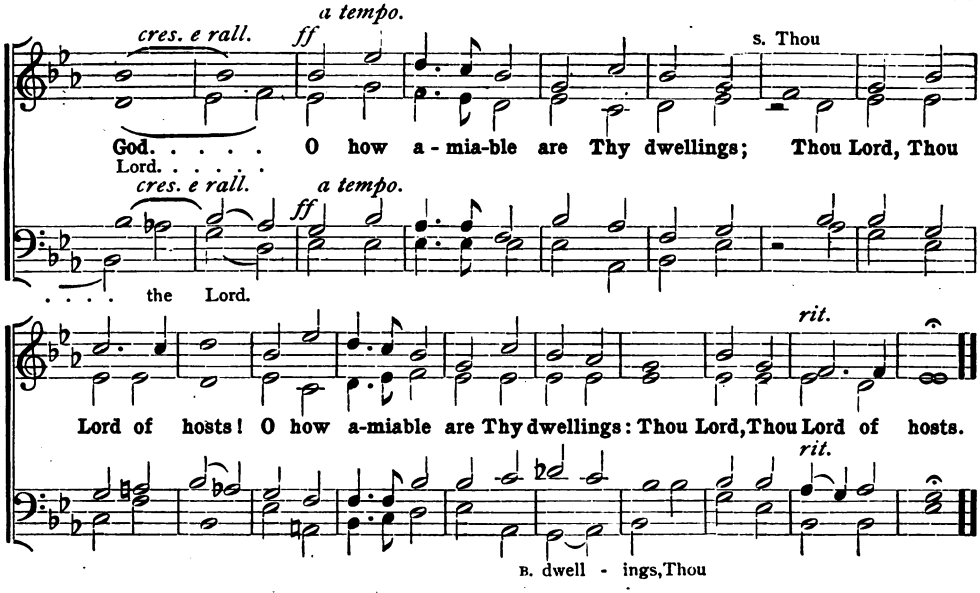
Andante sostenuto.
p
1. Sleep, com - rades, sleep and rest On this field of the Ground-ed Arms,
2. But in this camp of Death No sound your slum - ber breaks;
3. Rest, com - rades, rest and sleep! The thoughts of men shall be
pp
Where foes no more mo - lest, Nor sen - try's shot a - larms!
Here is no fev - ered breath, No wound that bleeds or aches.
As sen - ti - nels to keep Your rest from dan - ger free.
mf
cres.
Ye have slept on the ground be - fore, And start - ed to your feet
All is re - pose and peace, Un - tram - pled lies the sod;
Your si - lent tents of green We deck with fra - grant flowers;
dim.
CODA.
At the can - non's sud - den roar, Or the drum's re-doubling beat.
Now the shouts of bat - tle cease, It is the Truce of God!
Yours has the suff-'ring been, The mem-'ry shall be ours. Sleep, comrades, sleep!

* The poem is used by permisson of, and by arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

O HOW AMIABLE

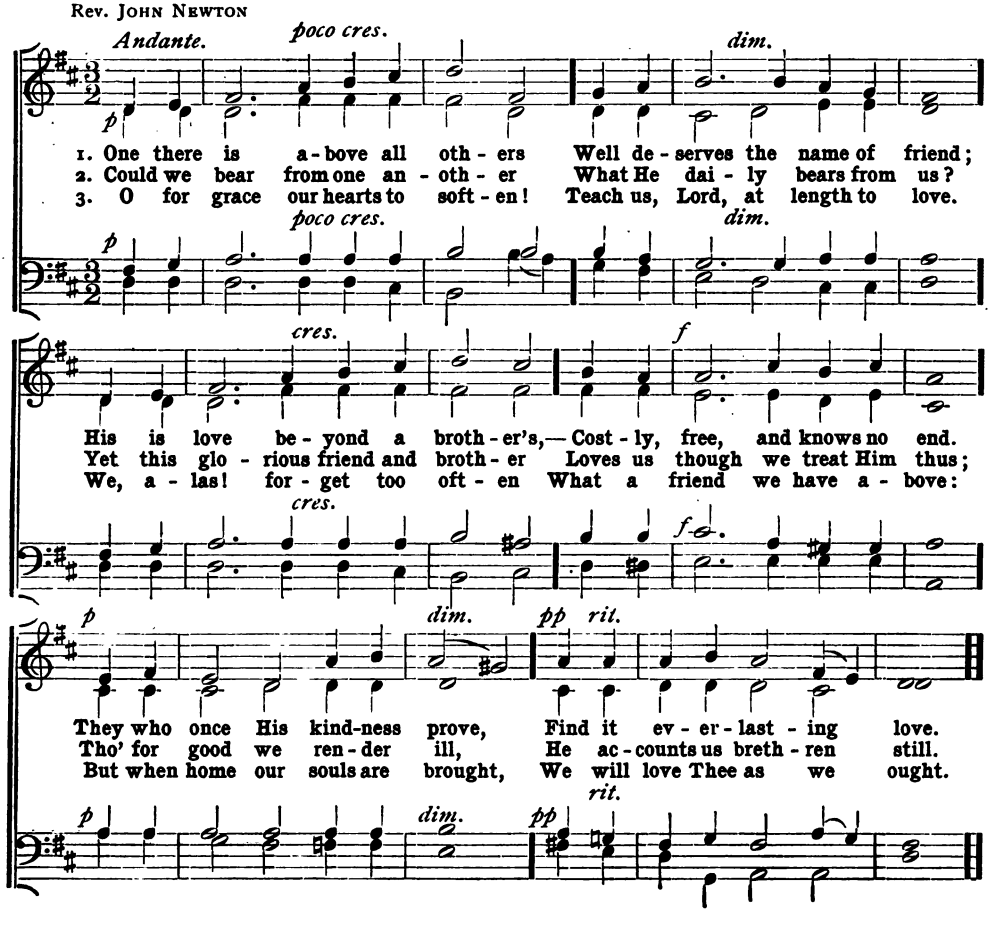
JOSEPH BARNBY

Andante.
f
S. Thou
O how a - mia-ble are Thy dwell-ings; Thou Lord, Thou Lord of
hosts! O how a - mia-ble are Thy dwellings; Thou Lord, Thou Lord of
B. dwell - ings; Thou
piu mosso.
S. My soul hath a de - sire and long - ing to en - ter . .
hosts! My soul hath a de - sire to en - ter . .
piu mosso.
. . . in - to the courts of the house of the Lord: My heart and my
T. Lord . . . . . .
B. house of the Lord, ...
dim.
flesh re - joice in the Lord, re - joice in the liv - ing
. . . the liv - ing God, my heart and my flesh re - joice in the
f
dim.
. . . . . the Lord, ...


cres. e rall.
a tempo.
ff
God. . . . . O how a-mia-ble are Thy dwellings; Thou Lord, Thou
Lord. . . . . the Lord.
rit.
Lord of hosts! O how a-miable are Thy dwellings: Thou Lord, Thou Lord of hosts.
B. dwell - ings, Thou

OUR FRIEND

Rev. JOHN NEWTON


Andante.
poco cres.
dim.
p
1. One there is a-bove all oth - ers Well de - serves the name of friend;
2. Could we bear from one an - oth - er What He dai - ly bears from us?
3. O for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
cres.
f
His is love be - yond a broth - er's,— Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
Yet this glo - rious friend and broth - er Loves us though we treat Him thus;
We, a - las! for - get too oft - en What a friend we have a - bove:
pp
rit.
They who once His kind-ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
Tho' for good we ren - der ill, He ac - counts us breth - ren still.
But when home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought.

FAREWELL TO NATIVE LAND

JULIUS STERN

Alla marcia.

mf

1. 2. 3. A - de,* O Na - tive Land, a - de, a - de, a - de a - de,
T. B. A - de, a-de, O Na - tive Land,

mf

A -

p

A - de, O Na - tive Land, a - de, a - de, a - de. 1. How
2. Thou
3. Be -

de, now a - de,

B. A - de,

p

sweet - ly sang the night - in - gale A - round our peace - ful home! But
for - est green, thou sun - shine bright, Thou land so fond - ly dear, The
lov - ed ones, we clasp your hands In one last fond em - brace, In

B. A - de,

cres.

f

song and ech - o die a - way As far from thee we roam, . . As
warn - ing bell is sound - ing loud; The part - ing hour is here, . . The
for - eign lands, the thought of you Shall cheer each lone - ly place, . . Shall

cres.

f

p

far from thee we roam. A - de, . . a - de, . . the part - ing hour is
part - ing hour is here.
cheer each lone - ly place.

T. A - de, a - de, a - de, a - de, a - de,

p

p

* Pronounce *ah-day.*

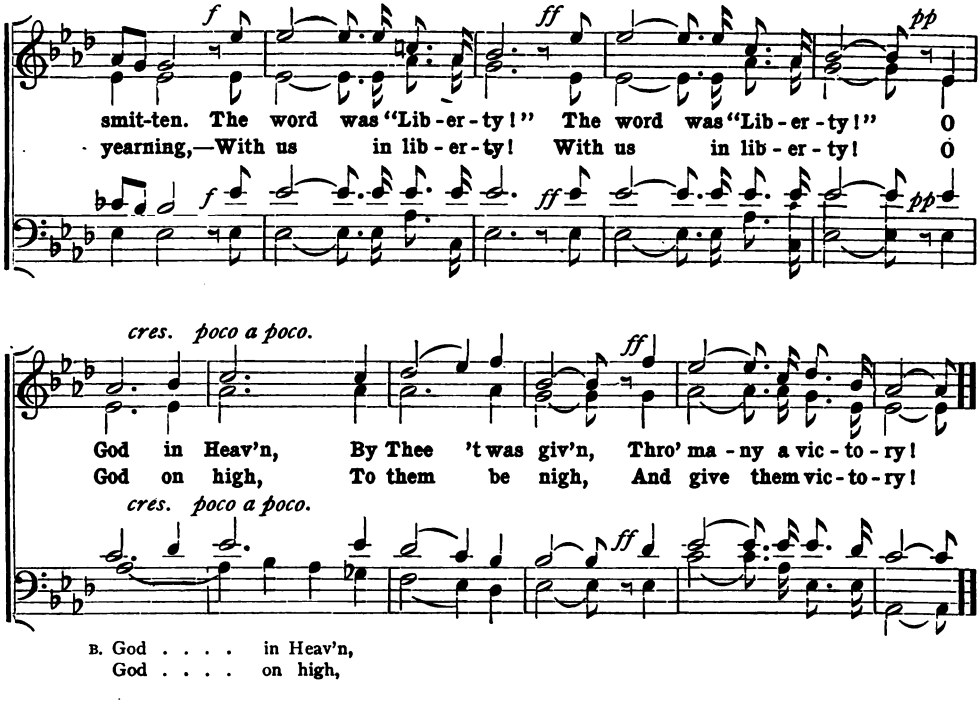
PRAISES

A. G. LAURIE

Allegro.
f
1. Prais - es! prais - es! prais - es! Fa - ther, God, to Thee!
2. Prais - es! prais - es! prais - es! Ma - ker, Fa - ther, Friend!
Thou in love hast made us, Chil - dren Thine are we.
With Thy name and glo - ry His, Thy son's, we blend.
p
On - ly lit - tle chil - dren, Yet as dear to Thee
Grant us, ho - ly Fa - ther, By His spir - it giv'n,
cres.
As the white - est an - gel Kneel - ing at Thy knee.
Here to live in wis - dom, With Thee then in heav'n.
cres.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MARSEILLAISE

Allegro marziale.
mf
1. In days of old, when La - fay - ette the brave To glo-rious ex - ile hith - er
2. Those days of old are gone for - ev - er - more, And La - fay-ette sleeps glo - ry-
cres.
fled, One might - y word drew him a - cross the wave, And for that
crowned, Yet that great word lives as in days of yore, And ev - 'ry
ff
mp
word he fought and bled, And for that word he fought and bled. With-in all
ty - rant fears its sound, And ev - 'ry ty - rant fears its sound! As in our
hearts in fire 't was writ-ten; Up - on all fa - ces bold it glowed; To
fath - ers' hearts 't was burn-ing, With - in our hearts its flames are bright. To
p
that great word their zeal they owed; In that great cause the foe was
stand with us on Free-dom's height The na - tions of the world are


f
ff
pp
smit-ten. The word was "Lib-er-ty!" The word was "Lib-er-ty!" O
yearning,—With us in lib-er-ty! With us in lib-er-ty! O
cres. poco a poco.
ff
God in Heav'n, By Thee 't was giv'n, Thro' ma-ny a vic-to-ry!
God on high, To them be nigh, And give them vic-to-ry!
cres. poco a poco.
ff
B. God . . . . in Heav'n,
God . . . . on high,

BENEDICTION

DIRGE FOR THE NOBLE SLAIN

FELICIA HEMANS — PROVENÇAL FOLKSONG

Alla marcia funebre.
pp
cres.
1. Rest on your bat - tle - fields, ye brave! Let pine - trees
2. Rest with your still and sol - emn fame! The hills keep
dim.
p
mur - mur o'er your grave, Your dirge be in the mourn-ing
rec - ord of your name, And nev - er can a touch of
wave— We call you back no more, no more! O, there was mourn-ing when ye
shame De-file, de - file the bur - ied brow. But we on change-ful days are
poco a poco cres.
fell, In your own vales a deep - toned knell, An ag - o -
cast, When bright names from their place fall fast; And ye that
f
ny, a wild fare - well— But that hath long, hath long been o'er.
with your glo - ry passed, We can - not, can - not mourn you now.

A GREEN CORNFIELD

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI NORWEGIAN FOLKSONG

Moderato.

mp

1. The earth was green, the sky was blue: I saw and heard one sun - ny
2. The corn-field stretch'd a ten - der green To right and left be-side my

mp

morn A sky - lark hang be - tween the two, A sing - ing speck a - bove the
walks; I knew he had a nest un-seen Somewhere a - mong the mil - lion

p

corn; A stage be-low, in gay ac-cord, White but - terflies danced
stalks: And as I paused to hear his song, While swift the sun - ny

T. A stage be - low the but - ter - flies danced
And as I paused to hear his song while

pp *p*

B. A stage be - low the but - ter - flies danced
And as I paused to hear his song while

cres. *f* *dim.*

on the wing, And still the sing-ing skylark soared And si-lent sank, and soared to sing.
moments slid, Per-haps his mate sat lis - tening, And listened long - er than I did.

cres. *f* *dim.*

THE SKYLARK

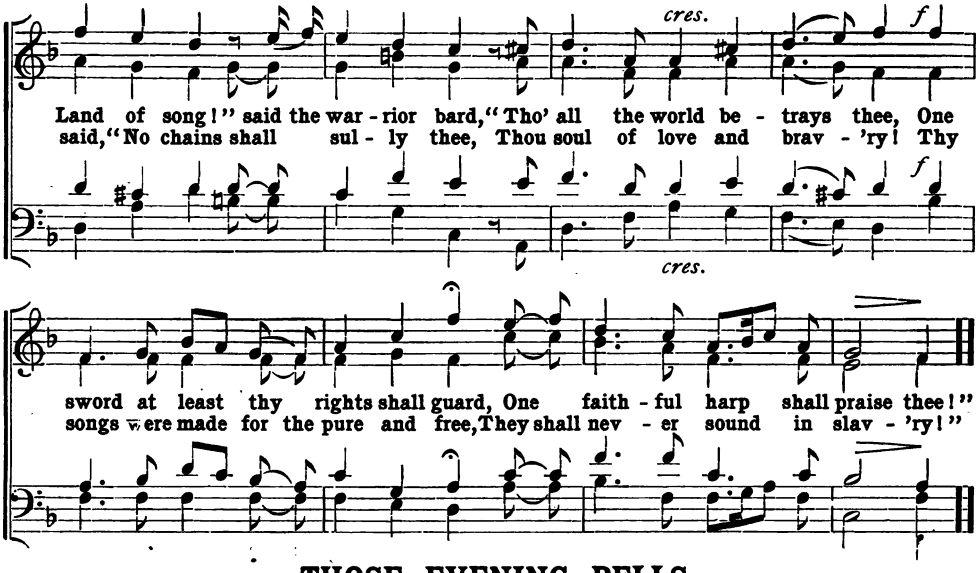
JAMES MONTGOMERY — BASQUE FOLKSONG

Andante con moto.
mf
p
1. O warn a - way the gloomy night, With mu - sic make the wel-kin ring, O
2. Could I translate thy strains, and give To thy notes words in hu-man tongue, The
mf
p
bird of dawn; on joy - ful wing Soar thro' thine el - e - ment of light, Till
sweet - est lay that e'er I sung, The lay that would the long - est live, I
cres.
f
naught in heav'n mine eye can see Ex - cept the morn-ing star and thee.
might re-cord up - on this page, And sing thy song from age to age.
cres.
f

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH FOLKSONG

Allegro marziale.
mf
1. The Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
2. The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The
mf
cres.
f
mp
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him." O
harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And
cres.
f
mp


cres.
f
Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy
cres.
sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!"

THOSE EVENING BELLS

THOMAS MOORE ENGLISH FOLKSONG

Allegretto moderato.
p
1. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How ma - ny a tale their mu - sic
2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way; And ma - ny a heart that then was
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tune - ful peal will still ring
cres.
dim.
tells, Of youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing
gay With-in the tomb, now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning
on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning
chime; Of youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.
bells; With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.
bells; While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.

PRAYER OF THE BELEAGUERED

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG

Allegro moderato.
p
1. Lord, hear our cry, For countless foe - men Of e - vil o - men Are now hard
2. Nor door nor gate Avails to shield us: We soon must yield us To cru - el
by, And as of steel They 've forged our fet - ters, But Thou canst set us Free from this
fate. The Span-ish brood Doth mock our an - guish, And, while we languish, They seek our
pp
cres.
f
rit.
ill. Lord, though our swords be few, We offer them anew Bravely Thy will to do, O God on
blood. Lord, in Thy cause we bleed; For aid divine we plead; Come to our help with speed; Lord, set us
a tempo.
poco rit.
high. Be with Thy people true, Be to us nigh; Be with Thy peo-ple true, Be to us nigh!
free: E'en in this hour of need We trust in Thee; E'en in this hour of need We trust in Thee.

WARSONG

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG

Tempo di marcia.
f
1. O how hap - py he thro' e - ter - ni - ty Who dies for his no-ble Fa - ther-
2. O the way to God is a thorn - y path, But rich the reward of heav'nly
land! There be wreaths of palm, lau - rel crowns there be On
rest, And the man who in con - flict as - cend - ed hath Shall
earth and on the Gold - en Strand. He who gives his blood for his
ev - er be held a he - ro blest; For the joy of God ends the
cres.
ff
coun - try's good, He in Freedom's cause who bravely fell, In his grave sleeps well.
path he trod, And his no-ble deeds have won on earth An im-mor - tal birth!

MAKE US FREE

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG

Andante molto sostenuto.
mp
1. An of - f'ring we of - fer To God, the All - giv - er, Who
2. In brunt of the bat - tle Our Lord is our lead - er. As
3. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Thou Vic - tor of vic - tors, And
mp
poco a poco cres.
guards us and guides us, Both chil - dren and grown. And e - vil shall
wills He it will be; The right e'er pre - vails. E'en at the be -
pray that Thy pres - ence Ours ev - er may be. A faith in Thee
poco a poco cres.
nev - er, Our true al - le - giance sev - er. His name be ev - er
gin - ning The con - flict for us win - ning, Thou, God, art ev - er
seat - ed Can nev - er be de - feat - ed. Thy name be ev - er
ff poco rit.
1 & 2
3
prais-ed; He cares for His own.
with us; Thy word nev - er fails.
prais-ed; O Lord, make us free! Lord, make us free! . . . . .
ff poco rit.

IN A GARDEN

SILESIAN FOLKSONG

Allegretto grazioso.

mp
1. "Tell me, pray, O gard'-ner mine, Are thy beds not grow - ing,
2. "Lad - die, bring the set - tle here, Bright with gold lace gleam - ing,
3. Then the hon - est lad - die went Toward the gar - den slow - ly,
mp
Lav - en - der and rose - m'ry fine, Thyme in fra-grance blow - ing?"
Tired will be Ma'm - 'selle, I fear, She would rest, 'tis seem - ing.
But his bright blue eyes were bent On the maid - en low - ly.
"Yes, Ma'm - 'selle, I've all the best In my gar - den yon - der.
Lad - die, cull a po - sy fair From the beds and bow - ers;
Then he bound with silk - en band Myr - tles green, and ros - es,
Will you take a seat and rest Ere a - way you wan - der?"
Yet be sure to take great care Not to tread the flow - ers."
Off - ered there the maid his hand With the fra-grant pos - ies.

CHANT OF THE BARDS

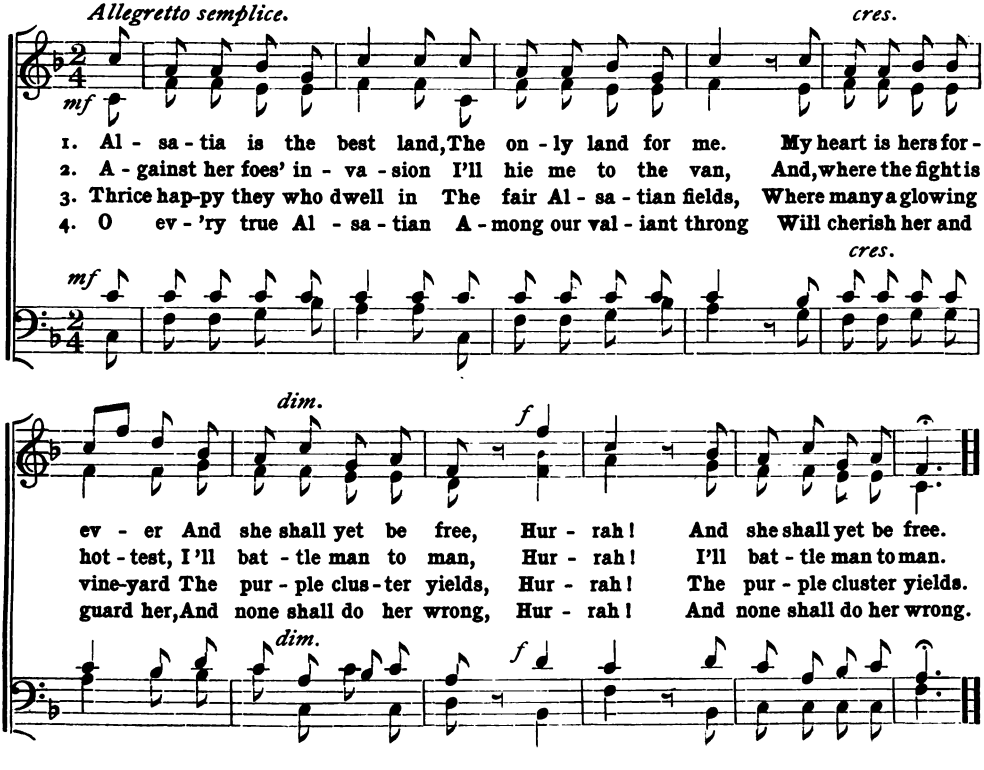
From the "Welsh Melodies" of FELICIA HEMANS — WELSH FOLKSONG

Maestoso agitato.
f
1. Raise ye the sword! let the death-stroke be giv'n; O swift may it
2. Have ye not tram-pled our coun-try's bright crest? Are he-roes re-
fall as the light-ning from heav'n! So shall our spir-its be free as our-
pos-ing in death on her breast? Red with their blood do her mountain streams
strains—The chil-dren of song may not lan-guish in chains!
flow, And think ye that still we would ling-er be-low?
Lento.
pp
3. Rest, ye brave dead! midst the hills of your sires, O,
p
who would not slum-ber when free-dom ex-pires? Lone-ly and

voice-less your halls must re - main— The chil - dren of song may not
pp
breathe in the chain! The chil-dren of song may not breathe in the chain!
pp

THE BEST LAND

ALSATIAN FOLKSONG


Allegretto semplice.
cres.
mf
1. Al - sa - tia is the best land, The on - ly land for me. My heart is hers for -
2. A - gainst her foes' in - va - sion I'll hie me to the van, And, where the fight is
3. Thrice hap-py they who dwell in The fair Al - sa - tian fields, Where many a glowing
4. O ev - 'ry true Al - sa - tian A - mong our val - iant throng Will cherish her and
cres.
mf
dim.
f
ev - er And she shall yet be free, Hur - rah! And she shall yet be free.
hot - test, I'll bat - tle man to man, Hur - rah! I'll bat - tle man to man.
vine-yard The pur - ple clus - ter yields, Hur - rah! The pur - ple cluster yields.
guard her, And none shall do her wrong, Hur - rah! And none shall do her wrong.
dim.
f

GOD AND FATHERLAND

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG

Alla marcia.
f
1. The man a - glow with pa-triot blood, Who feels no bond-man's chain, In
2. O God who hast Thy throne on high, In glo-rious maj - es - ty, Be
3. Pro - tect, O Lord, our coun - try bright; From ill and trou - ble save; Help
f
work and war, in field and flood Chants not in hum-ble strain, But lifts his glad, tri -
ev - er to Thy children nigh, What time they cry to Thee, And while the praise of
us to choose our ru-lers right; Long may our ban-ner wave, Till loud as sing Thine
umph - ant voice, In cho - rus full and grand, And sings: "My soul shall
an - gel throngs Thou hear'st on ev - 'ry hand, Give ear un - to our
an - gels' host Up - on the gold - en strand, Our songs shall ring from
cres.
ff
e'er re - joice In God and Fa - ther - land, In God and Fa - ther - land.
fer - vent songs For Thee and Fa - ther - land, For Thee and Fa - ther - land.
coast to coast For God and Fa - ther - land, For God and Fa - ther - land.
cres.
ff

BOATMAN'S SONG

NEAPOLITAN FOLKSONG

Allegretto grazioso.
p
1. Soft - ly the moon - light Falls from the eve - ning sky;
2. O what de - light 'tis On the blue sea to glide,
3. Fair bay of Na - ples,— Ah me! how fair thou art!
4. Wait thou no long - er; See what a fair - y night!
Soft - ly the zeph - yrs Pass with their low sigh.
By wind of heav - en Rock'd on its fair tide.
Here is no sor - row, Here is no sad heart;
Come o'er the wave - lets Bath'd in the moon's light.
cres.
dim.
My shal - lop waits for thee; Come o'er the waves with me.
Soft shines the moon on thee; Come o'er the waves with me.
Here will I sing to thee My sweet - est mel - o - dy.
My shal - lop waits for thee; Come o'er the waves with me.
mp
f
rit.
Who wants a boat - man? Who 'll have An - to - nio?

BELOVED NORMANDY

FRENCH FOLKSONG

Allegretto moderato.
mp
1. When breath of Spring, a - gain a-wak - ing, Brings hope of joy to ev - 'ry heart,—What
2. I've climbed the cliffs and gla - ciers splen-did Of Switz - er-land and Ty - rol fair: In
3. The dreams of child - hood are but fleet - ing, Its cas - tles grand are built of air; Old
mp
time the Sun, his char - iot tak - ing, Doth ride a - broad with
gon - do - la my way I've wend - ed To breathe the warm I -
age comes like our own heart's beat - ing, We hard - ly know when
cres.
mag - ic dart,— And when the earth with green is glow - ing, And
tal - ian air; And yet I long to be re - turn - ing To
it is there; And yet no sons of thine but love thee, No
A. B. when the earth
yet I long
yet no sons
cres.
dim.
cres.
when the swal - lows seek their nest, To thee my soul would fain be
see thy shores, by waves ca - ressed, And e'er for thee my soul is
heart too old to call thee blest; And when I live in Heav'n a -
dim.
cres.
B. when the swal - lows
see the shores by
heart too old to

rit.
go - ing, Be - lov - ed Nor - man - dy, sweet land of rest.
burn - ing, Be - lov - ed Nor - man - dy, sweet land of rest.
bove thee, I'll love thee still, be - lov - ed land of rest.
rit.

O FRIENDLY MOON

FOLKSONG OF MODERN GREECE

Lento.
p
dolce.
1. O friend-ly Moon, swing thee on high. When-e'er I see thee
2. O friend-ly Moon, smile down on me. When-e'er thy sil - ver
3. O friend-ly Moon, come down to earth. Though ex - iled from my
in the sky, Not whol - ly love - less wan - der I; When-
face I see, A ray of hope de - scends from thee; When-
land of birth, Full well I know a true friend's worth; Though
f
e'er I see thee in the sky, Not whol-ly love - less wan - der I.
e'er thy sil - ver face I see, A ray of hope de-scends from thee.
ex - iled from my land of birth, Full well I know a true friend's worth.

O THOU, MY COUNTRY

FOLKSONG OF WESTERN SWITZERLAND

Andante con moto.
mp
1. Per-fumed the air . . . by ma- ny a scent - ed flow - er; Soft - ly o'er
2. Here by the lake . . we know nor pain nor sad - ness; Through the long
3. Bright is the moon; . . the clouds of heav - en graz - ing, Soft - ly its
mp
earth the dreams their pin - ions fold; Still is the lake; and
eve we wan - der hand in hand; With voi - ces clear and
rays their greet - ing send to earth; Still is the lake; and
to his rud - dy bow - er Sinks the great sun, to dream in sheets of
songs of hope and glad - ness Sing we the love we bear our na-tive
now, our voi - ces rais - ing, Thank we our God that this land gave us
mf
gold. O thou, my Coun - try, land of de - light,
land.
birth.
mf

Repeat Chorus pp after last verse.

MY FATHERLAND

FOLKSONG OF FINLAND

Andante maestoso.
f
1. O Land of lands, my Fa - ther - land, Long may thy name be sung: As
2. Poor tho' I be, I'm rich - er born Than Sol - o - mon of old; The
3. The ten - der buds, im - pris - oned long, Burst forth to flow'r in May: E'en
high as heav'n thy mountains grand; Thy val - leys reach from strand to strand, And
great may pass me by in scorn Be - cause my garb is scant and worn, Yet
so our hearts burst forth in song, And we, thy sons, in might-y throng, Pro -
rit.
oft thy praise from ev - 'ry tongue To God on high has rung.
have I store of wealth un - told:— My coun - try is my gold.
claim our love for thee al - way; We sing thee praise for aye.
rit.
B. And oft thy praise on ev - 'ry tongue To God has rung.
Yet have I store of wealth: My coun - try is my gold.
Pro - claim our love for thee; We sing thee praise for aye.

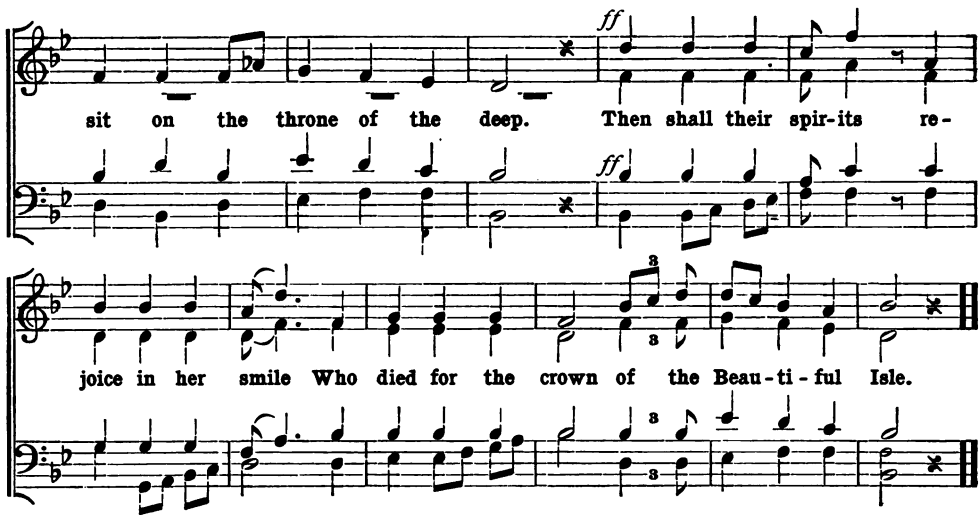
THE MONARCHY OF BRITAIN

From the "Welsh Melodies" of FELICIA HEMANS — WELSH FOLKSONG

Con moto e marcato.

mf
1. Sons of the Fair Isle! for - get not the time Ere spoil - ers had
breathed the free air of your clime; All that its ea - gles be -
hold in their flight Was yours, from the deep to each storm-man-tled height.
f
Though from your race that proud birth - right be torn, Unquenched is the
f
spir - it for mon - arch - y born. Dark - ly though clouds may hang

o'er us a - while, The crown shall not pass from the Beau - ti - ful Isle.
2. A - ges may roll ere your chil-dren re - gain The land for which
he - roes have perished in vain; Yet in the sound of your names shall be
pow'r A - round her still gath - 'ring in glo - ry's full hour.
Strong in the fame of the might - y that sleep, Your Bri - tain shall



SPRING IS COMING

JAMES NACK — GERMAN FOLKSONG

Andante con moto.
mf
1. Spring is com - ing, spring is com - ing, Birds are chirp - ing, in - sects
2. Spring is com - ing; come, my broth-er, Let us rove with one an -
p
cres.
humming; Flow'rs are peep - ing from their sleep - ing, Streams es-cape from
oth - er Where a thou - sand flow'rs are spring - ing, And a thou - sand
dim.
cres.
f
rit.
win-ter's keep - - - - ing, Streams es - cape from win-ter's keep-ing.
birds are sing - - - - ing, And a thou-sand birds are sing-ing.

THE WOODS OF FINLAND

FOLKSONG OF FINLAND

Allegro moderato.
mp
cres.
1. Up 'mid the pine-trees, O there stands my cot - tage, Hid in the for - est of my
2. Birds in the branches, O sing o'er my cot - tage, Sing to your mates your ver - y
3. Up 'mid the pine-trees, O there stands my cot - tage; High in the heav-ens float the
fa - ther - land: Up in the heav - ens, O there float the cloud - lets,
ten - d'rest lays: Lark in the heav - ens, O far o'er the cloud - lets,
clouds a - bove; High - er than cloud - lets, O there sings the sky - lark;
f
mf
Bathed in the light of the sun - rise grand. O tra la ra la la, O
Car - ol and chir - rup the bright sun's praise.
High - est of all is the God of Love.
T. B. ta ra la la,
tra la ra la la
Clear call the ech - oes,—"The sun - rise grand."
Clear call the ech - oes,—"The bright sun's praise."
ta ra la la, Clear call the ech - oes,—"The God of Love."
pp

KING CHRISTIAN

DANISH FOLKSONG

Allegro con spirito.
f
mf
1. King Chris-tian stood with sword in hand, And loud he laughed; Hard
2. King Chris-tian sang un - to the sea: "Hail, O - cean black! Thou
f
mf
f
by the mast did Chris - tian stand, And smote his foe - men's sav - age band, Till
art in sooth a friend to me; Thou'st brought me many a vic - to - ry, Yet
f
mf
down they sank to graves of sand, And Chris - tian laughed: "Now
I am vic - tor o - ver thee, Thou O - cean black! So
mf
then, es - cape me if ye can; Who dares to meet me,
bear me on, with laugh and jest, Up - on thy foam - ing,
cres.
ff
man to man?" And, as they sank, a horn of mead he quaffed.
rag - ing crest To bat - tles glo - ri - ous through storm and wrack!"
cres.
ff

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN

ROBERT BURNS SCOTCH FOLKSONG

Allegro con spirito.
mf
1. A High-land lad my love was born; The Low-land laws he
2. They ban-ished him be-yond the sea; But, ere the bud was
3. But O, they catch'd him at the last, An' bound him in a
cres. e rit. f a
held in scorn, But he still was faith-ful to his clan, My
on the tree, A-down my cheeks the pearls ran— Em-
dun-geon fast; My curse up-on them ev-'ry one, They've
tempo.
mf
gal-lant braw John High-land-man. Sing hey, my braw John
brac-ing my John High-land-man. Sing hey, my braw John
hang'd my braw John High-land-man! Sing hey, my braw John
tempo.
cres.
p
High-land-man, Sing ho, my braw John High-land-man. There's
a tempo.
cres. e rit. f
no' a lad in a' the lan' Was match for my John High-landman!
cres. e rit. f a tempo.

SONG OF THE FLAG

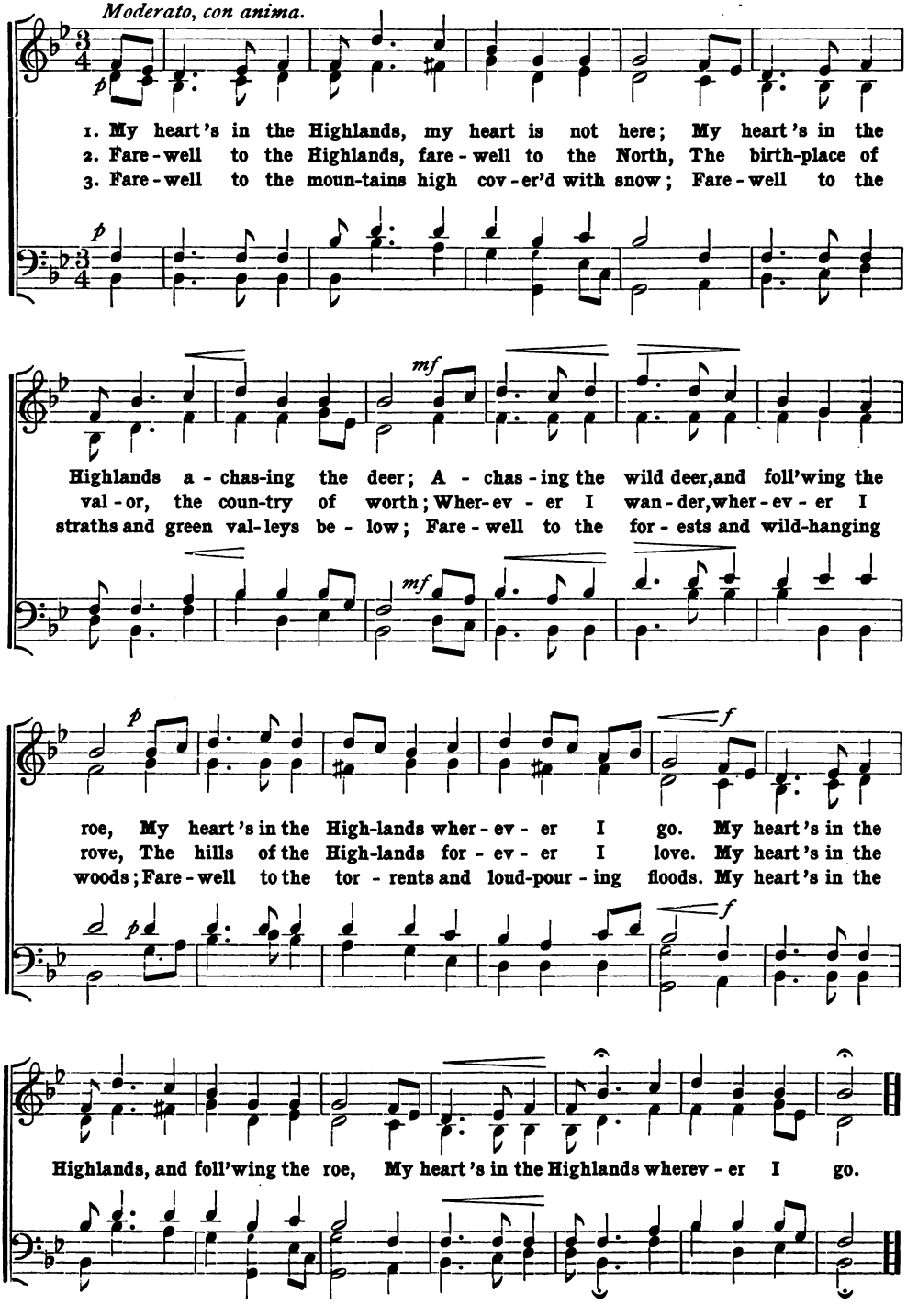
NORWEGIAN FOLKSONG

Alla marcia.
f
1. The waves of the North from the rock - bound main Are
2. In the flag of our land there are col - ors three,— The
3. From the East to the West, and from North to South, In
f
roar - ing ma jes - tic a cho - rus: The waves of the South raise the
red blood our he - roes fell in, The white scroll of those who have
calms, or when winds howl the loud - est, By ol - ive branch or by
mp
cres.
same glad strain, And sing of the flag wav - ing o'er us. Then let us raise our
made us free, The blue heav'n above that they dwell in. Then let us raise our
cannon's mouth, Our flag is the brightest and proud - est. Then let us raise our
mp
cres.
ff
voi - ces true And sing of the red and the white and the blue.
ff

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS FIRST VERSION SCOTCH FOLKSONG

Moderato, con anima.


1. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the Highlands, fare-well to the North, The birth-place of
3. Fare-well to the moun-tains high cov-er'd with snow; Fare-well to the
Highlands a-chas-ing the deer; A-chas-ing the wild deer, and foll'wing the
val-or, the coun-try of worth; Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-ev-er I
straths and green val-leys be-low; Fare-well to the for-ests and wild-hanging
roe, My heart's in the High-lands wher-ev-er I go. My heart's in the
rove, The hills of the High-lands for-ev-er I love. My heart's in the
woods; Fare-well to the tor-rents and loud-pour-ing floods. My heart's in the
Highlands, and foll'wing the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherev-er I go.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

SECOND VERSION

ROBERT BURNS — SCOTCH FOLKSONG

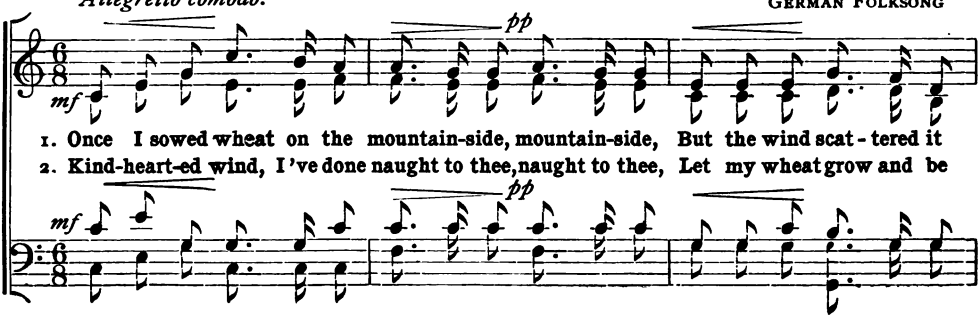
Con anima.

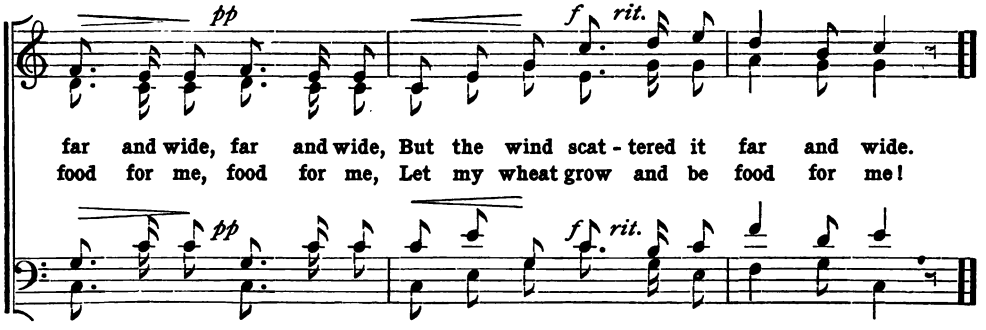
mf
1. My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the High-lands, fare-well to the North, The birthplace of
3. Fare-well to the mountains high cov-er'd with snow; Fare-well to the
High-lands a-chas-ing the deer; A-chas-ing the wild deer, and
val-or, the coun-try of worth; Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-
straths and green val-leys be-low; Fare-well to the for-ests, and
f
fol-l'wing the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wher-ev-er I go.
ev-er I rove, The hills of the Highlands for-ev-er I love.
wild hang-ing woods, Fare-well to the tor-rents and loud pour-ing floods.

WHEAT SONG

Allegretto comodo.

GERMAN FOLKSONG


mf
pp
1. Once I sowed wheat on the mountain-side, mountain-side, But the wind scat-tered it
2. Kind-heart-ed wind, I've done naught to thee, naught to thee, Let my wheat grow and be


pp
f
rit.
far and wide, far and wide, But the wind scat - tered it far and wide.
food for me, food for me, Let my wheat grow and be food for me!
pp
f
rit.

THE OWL

LORD TENNYSON — OLD GERMAN FOLKSONG

Andante affetuoso.
p
mf
p
1. When cats run home, and light is come, And dew is cold up - on the
2. When mer - ry milk - maids click the latch, And rare - ly smells the new - mown
mf
p
mf
dim.
ground, And the far - off stream is dumb, And the whir - ring sail goes
hay, And the cock hath sung 'neath the hatch Twice or thrice his roun - de -
mf
dim.
p
cres.
sfz
round; A - lone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the bel - fry sits.
lay; A - lone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the bel - fry sits.
cres.
sfz
p

THE JOLLY SWISS LAD

SWISS FOLKSONG

Allegro non troppo.
mf
1. "Get thee up, get thee up, jol - ly Swiss lad, now; Get thee up, and
2. When I came, when I came to the moun - tain farm, Cried my Gretch - en
milk thy cow! Get thee up, get thee up, jol - ly Swiss lad,
in a - larm: "Why so late, why so late to the moun - tain
B. milk, and milk thy cow!
Gretch - en in a - larm:
mp
now; Get thee up and milk thy cow! The sun's a -
farm? Hast thou met with a - ny harm? You sly rogue,
T. B. milk thy cow!
a - ny harm?
cres.
f
mp
loft, get out of bed: The cow is wait - ing to be fed. Get thee
you, you've slept so long, You have be - gun the day all wrong." But she
up, get thee up, jol - ly Swiss lad, now; Get thee up and milk thy cow!"
laughed, and she sang "Tra la la - ee - oo, You're my Swiss lad brave and true!"

THE SYLPHS AND THE ROSE

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH GERMAN FOLKSONG

Allegretto.
mp
1. The spor - tive sylphs that . . . . . course in air, Un - seen on
2. With spark-ling cups of . . . . . bub - bles made They catch the
3. They gath - er gems with . . . . . sun - beams bright From float - ing
4. And thus a - dorned, the . . . . . spark - ling rose Be-comes a
wings that . . . . twi - light weaves, A - round the op - 'ning . . . .
rud - dy . . . . beams of day, And steal the rain - bow's . . . .
clouds and . . . . fall - ing show'rs; They rob Au - ro - ra's . . . . .
to - ken . . . . fit to tell Of things that words can . . . . .
p
rose re - pair, And breathe sweet in - cense o'er its leaves. La
sweet - est shade, Their blush - ing fav - 'rite to ar - ray. La
locks of light To grace their own fair queen with flow'rs. La
ne'er dis - close And naught but it re - veal so well. La
B. La
la . . . . . la . . . . . la . . . . . la.
la la la la la la la la la la.

WELCOME TO SUMMER

MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT — FOLKSONG OF BRITTANY

Allegretto semplice.

mf
1. We wel-come, beau-teous Sum - mer, With joy-ous hearts . . and
2. A charm thou bear-est with thee, Sweet sea-son of . . . de-
3. Thou bind-est, gen-tle Sum - mer, All spir-its un - - to
mf
free, The mu-sic of thy dan-cing winds Thro' wildwood bow'r . . and tree—
light, To turn the weep-er's tears to smiles, To glow-ing day . . the night.
thee; The farm-er 'mid his rip'ning fields, The sail-or on . . . the sea,
p
cres.
f
Thy gold-en sun-shine 'mid the flow'rs, Thy birds so bright and rare,
The school-boy's laugh is mer-rier now Up-on the sha-ven green;
The po-et 'mid his moonlight dreams, The stu-dent at his lore,—
cres.
p
f
mp
dim.
And soft, de-li-cious scents which steal A-long thy balm - y air.
And maidens join in hap-py play Be-side the riv - er sheen.
To all thou giv-est hopes of bliss Ere sun-ny days . . are o'er.
mp
dim.

DAY IS DYING

From "The Spanish Gypsy" by GEORGE ELIOT — RUSSIAN FOLKSONG

Andante.

p

1. Day is dy - ing! Float, O song, Down the westward riv - er;
2. Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds, Melt - ed ru - bies send - ing
3. All the long-drawn earth - y banks Up to cloud-land lift - ing:
4. Day is dy - ing! Float, O swan, Down the ru - by riv - er;

Re - quiem chant-ing to the Day, Day, the might - y Giv - er.
Thro' the riv - er and the sky, Earth and heav - en blend-ing;
Slow be - tween them drifts the swan, 'Twixt two heav - ens drift - ing.
Fol - low, song, in re - qui - em To the might - y Giv - er.

OJALA

From "The Spanish Gypsy" by GEORGE ELIOT — FOLKSONG OF BRITTANY

Moderato.

mf

1. Spring comes hither, Buds the rose; Ros - es with - er, Sweet spring goes.
2. Soft winds blow, West-ward born, On - ward go . . Toward the morn.
3. Sweet birds sing O'er the graves, Then take wing O'er the waves.

f *dim.* *f* *dim.*

O - ja - la, would she car - ry me! O - ja - la, would she car - ry me!
O - ja - la, would they car - ry me! O - ja - la, would they car - ry my!
O - ja - la, would they car - ry me! O - ja - la, would they car - ry me!

f *dim.* *f* *dim.*

BATTLE SONG

BARRY CORNWALL — NORWEGIAN FOLKSONG

cres.
ff
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown? Huz - zah! the foe is come!
Sound to the bat - tle! sound, I say! Huz - zah! the foe is come!
cres.
ff
B. Huz - zah! the foe is come.

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE*

H. W. LONGFELLOW — GERMAN FOLKSONG

Allegro moderato.
mf
1. The brooklet came down from the moun - tain, As sang the bard of
2. Far a-way in the bri - ny o - cean There rolled a tur - bu-lent
3. And the brooklet has found the bil - low, Tho' they flowed so far a -
cres.
dim.
old, . . Run-ning with feet of sil - ver O - ver the sands of
wave Now singing a - long the sea-beach, Now howling a - long the
part, . . And has filled with its freshness and sweet-ness That tur- bu-lent, bit - ter
cres.
dim.
dim.
gold, ... O - ver the sands of gold!
cave, ... Now howl - ing a - long the cave.
heart, ... That tur - bu - lent, bit - ter heart!
dim.

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THE NEW YEAR

MARTIN F. TUPPER — SWEDISH FOLKSONG

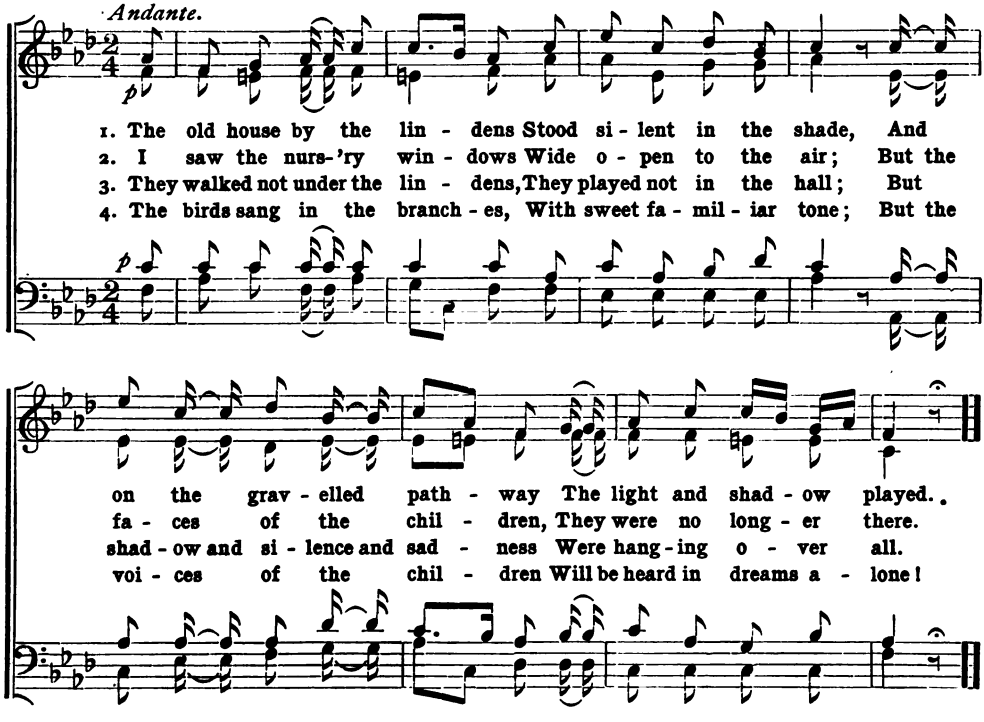
Allegretto giocoso.

mf
1. The old man he is dead, young heir! And gone to his long ac -
2. The old man moaned both sore and long Of pleas - ures past, he
3. A - las for the old man,—where is he now? And fear for thy-self, young
mf
count; Come! stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair, And
said; But pleas - ures to come are the young heir's song,— The
heir; For he was once as young as thou, As
f
in - to his sad - dle mount! The old man's face was a
liv - ing, and not the dead! The old man bab - bled of
rud - dy and blithe and fair. Reap wis - dom from his
f
p
mf
face to be feared, The old man's face was a face to be feared, But
old re - grets, The old man bab - bled of old re - grets. A -
fur - row'd face, Reap wis - dom from his fur - row'd face, Cull
p
mf

thine both lov - ing and gay; O, who would not choose for that
lack! how much he owed! But the young heir has not a
coun - sel from his fear; O speed thee, young heir, in
stern white beard A bright young cheek al - way?
feath - er of debts His heart with - al to load!
gifts and grace, And bless - ings on thee,— New Year!

THE OPEN WINDOW*

H. W. LONGFELLOW SWEDISH FOLKSONG


Andante.
1. The old house by the lin - dens Stood si - lent in the shade, And
2. I saw the nurs-'ry win - dows Wide o - pen to the air; But the
3. They walked not under the lin - dens, They played not in the hall; But
4. The birds sang in the branch - es, With sweet fa - mil - iar tone; But the
on the grav - elled path - way The light and shad - ow played.
fa - ces of the chil - dren, They were no long - er there.
shad - ow and si - lence and sad - ness Were hang - ing o - ver all.
voi - ces of the chil - dren Will be heard in dreams a - lone!

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THE DAY IS DONE *

H. W. LONGFELLOW — WENDISH (SLAVONIC) FOLKSONG

Andantino.
p
cres.
1. The day is done, and the dark-ness Falls from the wings of Night, As a
2. A feeling of sad-ness and long-ing, That is not a-kin to pain, And re-
3. Read from some hum-ble po-et, Whose songs gushed from his heart, As
cres.
dim. pp
feath-er is waft-ed down-ward From an ea-gle in his flight. I
sem-bles sor-row on-ly As the mist re-sem-bles rain. Come,
show'rs from the clouds in sum-mer Or tears from the eye-lids start; Who,
dim. pp
see the lights of the vil-lage Gleam thro' the rain and mist, And a
read to me some po-em, Some sim-ple and heart-felt lay, That shall
through long days of la-bor, And nights de-void of ease, Still
feel-ing of sad-ness comes o'er me That my soul can-not re-sist:
soothe this rest-less feel-ing, And ban-ish thoughts of day.
heard in his soul the mu-sic Of won-der-ful mel-o-dies.

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THE FLIGHT OF TIME

JAMES G. PERCIVAL — FOLKSONG OF BRITTANY

Quasi allegro.

mp
A. Down Shapes
1. Faint-ly flow, thou fall-ing riv-er, Like a dream that dies a-way;
2. Ros-es bloom, and then they with-er, Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
mp
p
A. Time Quick
Down to o-cean glid-ing ev-er, Keep thy calm un-ruf-fled way:
Shapes of light are waft-ed hith-er,—Then like vi-sions hur-ry by:
p
Time with such a si-lent mo-tion, Floats a-long, on wings of air,
Quick as clouds at eve-ning driv-en O'er the ma-ny-col-ored west,
p
mf
B. To . . Years
mf
dim.
p
rit.
To e-ter-ni-ty's dark o-cean, Bury-ing all its treas-ures there.
Years are bear-ing us to heav-en, Home of hap-pi-ness and rest.
mf
dim.
p
rit.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN

JAMES G. PERCIVAL — RUSSIAN FOLKSONG

Andante.

p

1. Now the grow-ing year is o - ver, And the shep-herd's tink - ling bell
2. Now the mist is on the moun-tains, Redd'ning in the ris - ing sun;
3. Slow the blood-stained moon is rid - ing Thro' the still and ha - zy air,

cres. *p*

Faint - ly from its win - ter cov - er Rings a low fare - well.
Now the flow'rs a - round the foun - tains Per - ish one by one.
Like a sheet - ed spec - tre glid - ing In a tor - ch's glare.

cres. *p*

mf *mp*

Now the birds of Au - tumn shiv - er, Where the with-er'd beach leaves quiv - er
Not a spire of grass is grow - ing, But the leaves that late were glow - ing
Few the hours her light is giv - en; Ming-ling clouds of storm are driv - en

mf *mp*

p *pp* *dim.*

O'er the dark and laz - y riv - er, In the rock - y dell.
Now the blight - ed earth are strow - ing With a man - tle dun.
O'er the mourn-ing face of heav - en,— All is black - ness there!

p *pp* *dim.*

NO SURRENDER!

THOMAS TUPPER BAVARIAN FOLKSONG

Allegro non troppo, ma con spirito.

1. Ev - er con - stant, ev - er true, Let the word be "No sur -
2. Nail the col - ors to the mast, Shout - ing glad "No sur -
3. Con - stant and cour - a - geous still, Mind, the word is "No sur -
S. A. dare and . . great - ly
near are . . all but
tho' it . . . be
ren - der;" Bold - ly dare and great - ly do!
ren - der!" Troub - les near are all but past —
ren - der;" Bat - tle tho' it be up - hill,
S. A. bring us . . . . brave - ly
as you . . . . did the
way where . . . there's a
This . . shall bring us . . brave - ly through,— No sur -
Serve . . them as you . . did the last, No sur -
There's . a way where . there's a will, No sur -
ren - der! Hur - rah! No sur - ren - der! Hur - rah!

A PRISONER'S SONG

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST

JAMES MONTGOMERY — ITALIAN FOLKSONG

Allegretto.
mf
A. Wel - come
Shakes the
Mourns in
1. Wel - come, pret - ty lit - tle stran-ger, Wel - come
2. Now though ty - rant Win - ter, howl-ing, Shakes the
3. Though yon fair ma - jes - tic riv - er Mourns in
mf
f
to my lone re - treat! Here, se - cure from ev - 'ry
world with tem - pests round, Heav'n a - bove with va - pors
sol - id i - cy chains; Though yon flock and cat - tle
f
B. Here se - cure . . . . . .
Heav'n a - bove . . . . . .
Though yon flock . . . . . .
dim.
p
dan - ger, Hop a - bout, and chirp, and eat: Rob - in!
scowl-ing, Frost im - pris - ons all the ground;— Rob - in!
shiv - er On the des - o - la - ted plains;— Rob - in!
A. T. chirp . . . . . and eat:
all . . . . . the ground;—
la - - - - - ted plains;—
dim.
p
pp
how I en - vy thee, Hap-py child of lib - er - ty!
what are these to thee? Thou art blest with lib - er - ty.
thou art gay and free, Hap-py in thy lib - er - ty.
pp

A PRISONER'S SONG

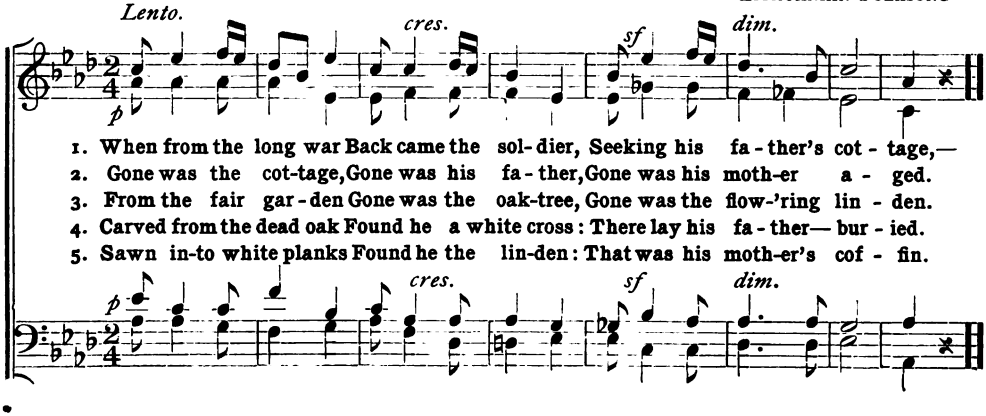
TO THE MOON

JAMES MONTGOMERY GERMAN FOLKSONG

Andante tranquillo.
p
1. Gen - tle Moon, a cap - tive calls; Gen - tle Moon, a -
2. Throw thy veil of clouds a - side; Let those smiles that
3. Cheer his mel - an - cho - ly mind; Soothe his sor - rows,
pp
wake, a - rise; Gild the pris - on's sul - len walls; Gild the
light the pole Through the li - quid e - ther glide,— Glide in -
heal his smart: Let thine in-fluence pure, re - fined, Cool the
cres.
f
dim.
tears that drown his eyes, Gild the tears that drown his eyes.
to the mourn - er's soul, Glide in - to the mourn - er's soul.
fe - ver of his heart, Cool the fe - ver of his heart.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

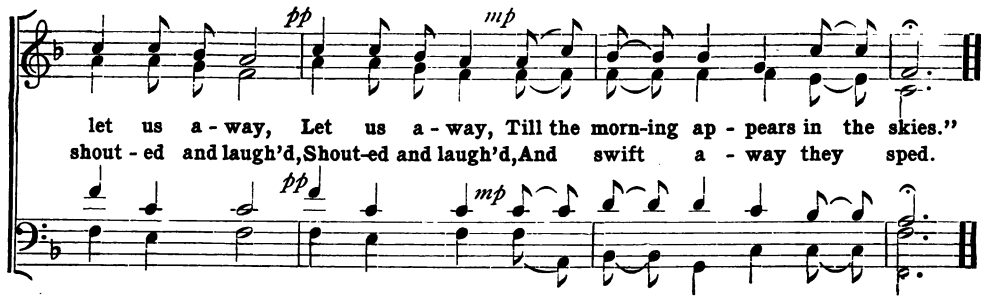
LITHUANIAN FOLKSONG


Lento.
p
cres.
sf
dim.
1. When from the long war Back came the sol-dier, Seeking his fa - ther's cot - tage,—
2. Gone was the cot-tage, Gone was his fa - ther, Gone was his moth-er a - ged.
3. From the fair gar - den Gone was the oak-tree, Gone was the flow-'ring lin - den.
4. Carved from the dead oak Found he a white cross: There lay his fa - ther— bur - ied.
5. Sawn in-to white planks Found he the lin-den: That was his moth-er's cof - fin.

NURSE'S SONG

WILLIAM BLAKE — SWABIAN FOLKSONG

Allegretto grazioso.
mp
1. "When the voi - ces of chil - dren are heard on the green,
2. "No, no, let us play, for . . it is yet day,
pp mp
heard on the green, And laughing is heard on the hill, With-
it is yet day, And we can - not go to . . sleep; Be -
pp mp
pp mp
in my breast my heart is at rest, heart is at rest, And
sides, in the sky the lit - tle birds fly, lit - tle birds fly, And the
pp mp
mf
ev - 'ry - thing else is . . still. Then come home, my chil - dren, the
hills are all cov - ered with sheep." "Well, well, go and play till the
mf
cres. mp
sun is gone down, And the dews of night a - rise, Come, come, leave off play, and
light fades a - way, And then go home to bed." The lit - tle ones leaped, and
cres. mp


pp
mp
let us a - way, Let us a - way, Till the morn-ing ap - pears in the skies."
shout - ed and laugh'd, Shout-ed and laugh'd, And swift a - way they sped.
pp
mp

SISTER MINE

RHENISH FOLKSONG

Andante molto moderato.
p
1. "Sis - ter mine, sis - ter mine, Why art thou so sad?"
2. "Sis - ter mine, sis - ter mine, Wilt thou dance with me?"
3. "Sis - ter mine, sis - ter mine, Shall I take thee home?"
p
piu mosso.
"Where - fore should I joy - ful be? No one comes to
"No, my gown is old and torn; They would laugh us
"Yes, to - geth - er let us go; Then we 'll both for -
Tempo primo.
rit.
dance with me. Broth - er mine, broth - er mine, Why should I be glad?"
both to scorn. Broth - er mine, broth - er mine, I 'll not dance with thee."
get our woe. Broth - er mine, broth - er mine, Nev - er - more we 'll roam."
rit.

A FISHER-WIFE

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI — SWEDISH FOLKSONG

Andante expressivo.

mf
1. The soon - est mend - ed, noth - ing said; And help may rise from east or
2. For I've a hus - band out at sea, A - float on fee-ble planks of
3. I would have lock'd him in my arms, I would have hid him in my
T. 1. The soon - est mend - ed, noth - ing said; And help may rise from
2. For I've a hus - band out at sea, A - float on fee - ble
3. I would have lock'd him in my arms, I would have hid him
mf mf
mp
west; But my two hands are lumps of lead, My
wood; He does not know what fear may be; I
heart; For O, the waves are fraught with harms, And
east or west; But my two hands are lumps of
planks of wood; He does not know what fear may
in my heart; For O, the waves are fraught with
mp mp
dim. pp
heart sits lead - en in my breast. Ah! woe, woe is me!
would have told him if I could. Ah! woe, woe is me!
he and I so far a - part! Ah! woe, woe is me!
lead, My heart sits lead - en in my breast. Ah! woe, woe is me!
be; I would have told him if I could. Ah! woe, woe is me!
harms, And he and I so far a - part! Ah! woe, woe is me!
dim. pp

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE

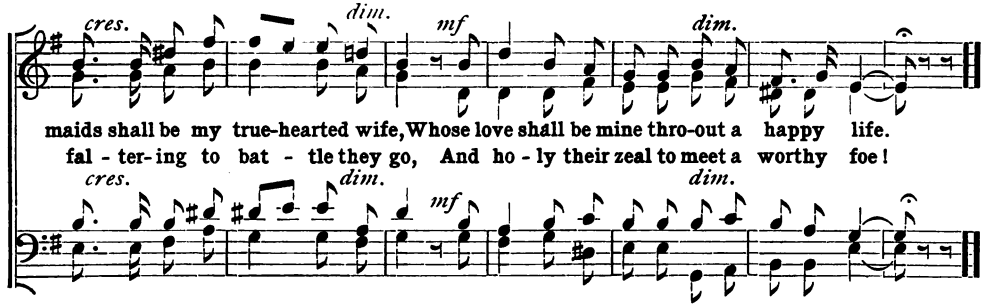
THOMAS MOORE — FOLKSONG OF HINDOOSTAN

Lento ma non troppo.
p
cres.
1. All that's bright must fade,—The bright-est still the fleet-est; All that's sweet was
2. Who would seek or prize De - lights that end in ach - ing? Who would trust to
dim.
p cres.
made But to be lost when sweet-est. Stars that shine and fall;— The
ties That ev - 'ry hour are break - ing? Bet - ter far to be In
f
p
flow'r that drops in spring-ing; These, a - las! are types of all To
ut - ter dark - ness ly - ing, Than to be blest with light and see That
dim.
pp dolcissimo.
which our hearts are cling - ing. All that's bright must fade,—The brightest still the
light for - ev - er fly - ing. All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the
cres.
f
dim.
p
fleet - est; All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweet-est!

SWEDENLAND SONG

SWEDISH FOLKSONG

Andantino quasi allegretto.
cres.
dim.
mf
p
1. O Swe - den - land, thrice bless - ed, thou fair - est of lands, May God have thee
2. Thy lads are all so mer - ry, so proud, and so bold: When called by our
dim.
p
cres.
aye in His keep - ing. . Were I a ho - ly pil - grim, with my
king to the bat - tle, They rush to meet the foe as did the
T. B. Were I a pil - grim
They rush as did the
mp
foot on Jor - dan's sands, To Swe - den - land my heart would still be leap - ing. .
brav - est knights of old; Their val - iant hearts fear not the mus - kets' rat - tle. .
on the Jor - dan's sands, My heart would still be leap - ing. .
brav - est knights of old; Nor fear the mus - kets' rat - tle. .
. . . For thee be my thought; for thy cause be my strife; And one of thy fair
. . . Right glad - ly they give the al - le - giance they owe; With va - lor nev - er


cres.
dim.
mf
dim.
maids shall be my true-hearted wife, Whose love shall be mine thro-out a happy life.
fal - ter-ing to bat - tle they go, And ho - ly their zeal to meet a worthy foe!
cres.
dim.
mf
dim.

THE ROWERS

CHARLES F. HOFFMAN — DANISH FOLKSONG

Andante cantabile.

mp
cres.
1. We court no gale with woo - ing sail, We fear no squall a -
2. For what to us are winds, when thus Our mer - ry boat is
3. At twi - light dun, when red the sun Far o'er the wa - ter
4. And when the night de - vours the light, And shad - ows thick - en
mp
cres.
dim.
cres.
brew - ing; Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff, A - like our course pur -
fly - ing; While, bold and free, with jo - cund glee, Stout hearts her oars are
dash - es, With buoy-ant song, our bark a - long His crim-son path-way
o'er us, The stars steal out, the skies a - bout, To dance to our bold
cres.
dim.
S. Row, row, row a - way! . . . . . .
dim.
p
dim.
pp
su - ing. . . . Row, row, row, row a - way!
ply - ing. . . .
dash - es. . . .
cho - rus! . . .
T. Row, row. row, row, . . row, row a - way!
dim.
p
dim.
pp
B. Row, row a - way, a - way!

THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY

B. F. TYTLER — SCOTCH FOLKSONG

Andante maestoso.

mf p pp mf
1. The flow'r of Chiv - al - ry he is ta'en, he is ta'en, The
2. There are i - rons on his feet; 't is a shame, 't is a shame! There are
3. O La - dy, hope and pray for a while, for a while; Sweet
mf p pp mf
flow'r of Chiv - al - ry he is ta'en, he is ta'en; With
i - rons on his feet; 't is a shame, 't is a shame! His
La - dy, hope and pray for a while, for a while. He 'll re -
p pp f
ban - ner blood - be - dewed, And his ar - mor hacked and hewed, Long,
hands are in a thong; And in dun - geon dark and strong He is
turn, and in the shock Deal death in ev - 'ry stroke Like a
dim. cres.
long the Doug - las stood, But in vain, but in vain; Long,
doomed to lin - ger long, Far from home, far from home; He is
li - on that has broke From his toil, from his toil; Like a
dim. cres.

p
pp
long the Doug - las stood, But in vain, but in vain.
doom'd to lin - ger long, Far from home, far from home.
li - on that has broke From his toil, from his toil.
p
pp

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD

THOMAS MOORE — SCOTCH FOLKSONG

Andante maestoso.
pp
1. Here . . sleeps the bard who knew so well The sweet - est
2. Sleep, mute bard; a - like un - heed - ed now The storm and
pp
B. 1. Here sleeps the bard who knew so
2. Sleep, bard; a - like un - heed - ed
f
wind - ings of A - pol - lo's shell; Wheth - er its mu - sic
zeph - yr sweep thy life - less brow;— That storm, whose rush is
f
cres.
pp
rolled like tor-rents near, Or died, like dis - tant stream-lets, on the ear.
like thy mar - tial lay; That breeze which, like thy love - song, dies a - way!
cres.
pp

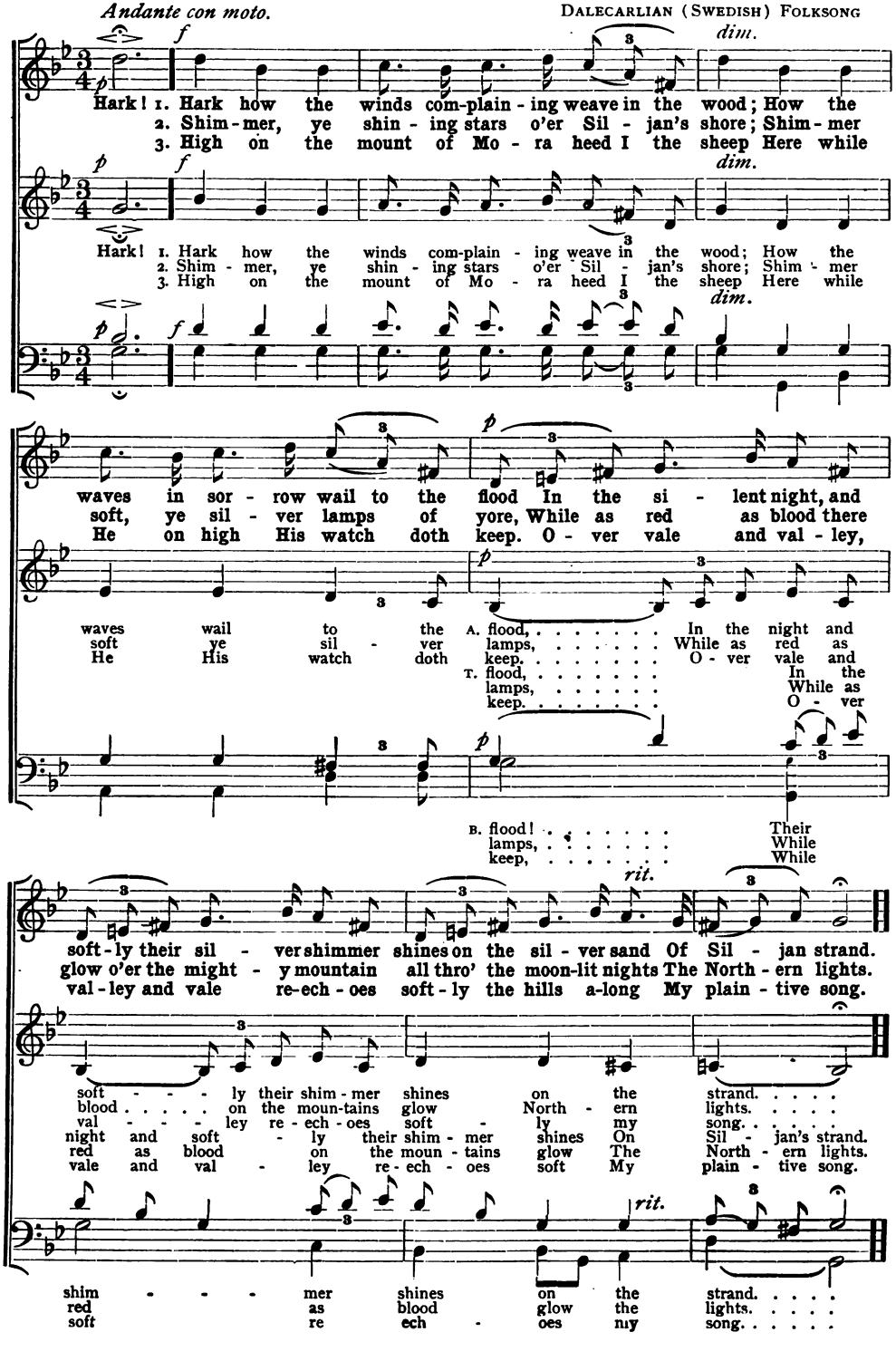
PLAYFELLOWS

Adapted from THOMAS MOORE — SPANISH FOLKSONG

Allegretto leggiero.
p
1. If in play - ing, sing - ing, night and day We could
2. O how bril - liant, thoughtless, side by side Thou and
T. B. 1. If in play - ing, sing - ing, night and day We could
2. O how bril - liant, thought - less, side by side Thou and
tri - fle mer - ri - ly life a - way, Like at - oms dan - cing
I could make our mo-ments glide! No at - oms ev - er
tri - fle mer - ri - ly life a - way, Like at - oms dan - cing
I could make our mo - ments glide! No at - oms ev - er
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
in the beam, Like day-flies skim - ming o'er the stream, How hap - py,
glanced so bright, No day-flies ev - er danced so light! How hap - py,
in the beam, Like day - flies skim - ming o'er the stream, How
glanced so bright, No day - flies ev - er danced so light, How
cres.
dim.
mf
mf
p
hap - py we should be! O how hap - py we should be!
hap - py we should be! O how hap - py we should be!
p

SHEPHERD'S SONG

Andante con moto. DALECARLIAN (SWEDISH) FOLKSONG


Hark! 1. Hark how the winds com-plain - ing weave in the wood; How the
2. Shim - mer, ye shin - ing stars o'er Sil - jan's shore; Shim - mer
3. High on the mount of Mo - ra heed I the sheep Here while
dim.
waves in sor - row wail to the flood In the si - lent night, and
soft, ye sil - ver lamps of yore, While as red as blood there
He on high His watch doth keep. O - ver vale and val - ley,
A. flood, In the night and
lamps, While as red as
keep. O - ver vale and
T. flood, In the
lamps, While as
keep. O - ver
B. flood! Their
lamps, While
keep, While
rit.
soft - ly their sil - ver shimmer shines on the sil - ver sand Of Sil - jan strand.
glow o'er the might - y mountain all thro' the moon-lit nights The North - ern lights.
val - ley and vale re-ech - oes soft - ly the hills a-long My plain - tive song.
soft - - - ly their shim - mer shines on the strand.
blood on the moun-tains glow North - ern lights.
val - - - ley re - ech - oes soft - ly my song.
night and soft - ly their shim - mer shines On Sil - jan's strand.
red as blood on the moun - tains glow The North - ern lights.
vale and val - ley re - ech - oes soft My plain - tive song.
rit.
shim - - - mer shines on the strand.
red as blood glow the lights.
soft re ech - oes my song.

O CHARLIE* IS MY DARLING

SCOTCH FOLKSONG

Allegro gioioso.
cres.
1–5. O Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling; O Char - lie is my
dar - ling, The young Chev - a - lier! 1. 'T was on a Mon - day morn - ing, Bright
2. As he came march-ing up the street, The
3. With High-land bon - nets on their heads And
4. They 've left their bon - ny High-land hills, Their
5. O, there were ma - ny beat - ing hearts, And
ear - ly in the year, When Char - lie came to our town, The
pipes play'd loud and clear; And all the folk came run - ning out To
clay - mores long and clear, They came to fight for Scotland's right And the
wives and bairn - ies dear, To draw the sword for Scotland's lord, The
ma - ny a hope and fear; And ma - ny were the pray'rs put up For the
rit.
CODA.
young Chev - a - lier. O Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my
meet the Chev - a - lier.
young Chev - a - lier.
young Chev - a - lier.
young Chev - a - lier.

* Charles Edward (1720–1788), known as "The Young Pretender." See Note.

CALL TO ARMS

JAMES MONTGOMERY — GERMAN FOLKSONG

Alla marcia.
f
1. Heav'n speed the right - eous sword, And Free - dom be the word!
2. On to the com - bat, on! Go where your sires have gone:
f
Come, breth - ren; hand in hand, Fight for your Fa - ther - land!
Their might un - spent re - mains, Their pulse is in our veins.
mp
Our coun - try from a - far In - vokes her sons to war; A -
On to the bat - tle, on! Rest will be sweet a - non; The
mp
B. from a - far . . . . . In - vokes her
bat - tle, on! . . . . . Rest will be
cres.
ff
pp
wake! put forth your pow'rs, And vic - t'ry must be ours, must be ours!
slave may yield, may fly; We con - quer or we die, or we die!
cres.
ff
pp

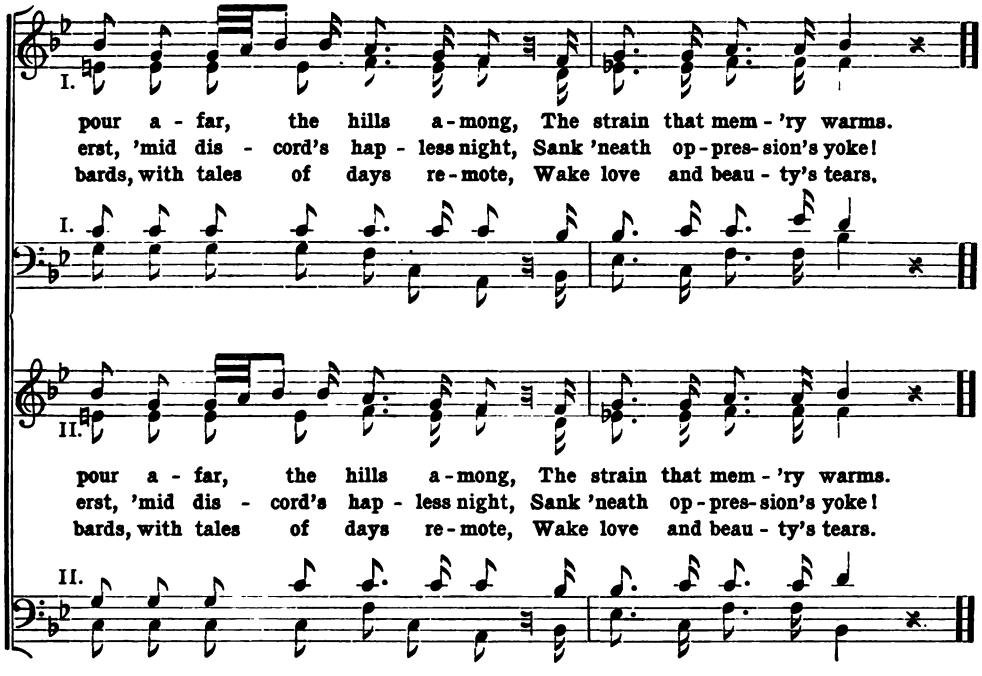
STRIKE, STRIKE THE HARP

(DOUBLE CHORUS)

WELSH FOLKSONG

Andante maestoso.
f
CHORUS I.
1. Strike, strike the harp! For now no more a - larms The
2. Strike, min - strel, strike! A - round the sa - cred oak The
3. Strike, strike a - gain! Thy gen - ius now ap - pears; O'er
f
CHORUS II.
1. Strike, strike the harp! For now no more a -
2. Strike, min - strel, strike! A - round the sa - cred
3. Strike, strike a - gain! Thy gen - ius now ap -
f
mf
I.
tramp of fi - ery steeds or clang of arms! Now,
spir - it of your sires, your sons, in - voke! And
Snow - don's loft - y brow her head she rears: A -
I.
mf
II.
larms The tramp of fi - ery steeds or clang of arms!
oak The spir - it of your sires, your sons, in - voke!
pears; O'er Snow - don's loft - y brow her head she rears:
II.

I.
Cambria's bards' as-sem-bled throng, A-wake the lyre of proud-est song, And
see in na-tive lus-tre bright Thy lore re-sume its pris-tine light, That
gain shall mu-sic's heav'nly note O'er hill and val-ley sweet-ly float, And
I.
TUTTI.
ff
pour a-far, the hills a-mong, The strain that mem-'ry warms. Now,
erst, 'mid dis-cord's hap-less night, Sank 'neath op-pres-sion's yoke! And
bards, with tales of days re-mote, Wake love and beau-ty's tears. A-
I.
ff
Cambria's bards' as-sem-bled throng, A-wake the lyre of proud-est song, And
see in na-tive lus-tre bright Thy lore re-sume its pris-tine light, That
gain shall mus-ic's heav'nly note O'er hill and val-ley sweet-ly float, And
I.
II.
Cambria's bards' as-sem-bled throng, A-wake the lyre of proud-est song, And
see in na-tive lus-tre bright Thy lore re-sume its pris-tine light, That
gain shall mu-sic's heav'nly note O'er hill and val-ley sweet-ly float, And
II.


I.
pour a - far, the hills a - mong, The strain that mem - 'ry warms.
erst, 'mid dis - cord's hap - less night, Sank 'neath op - pres - sion's yoke!
bards, with tales of days re - mote, Wake love and beau - ty's tears.
I.
II.
pour a - far, the hills a - mong, The strain that mem - 'ry warms.
erst, 'mid dis - cord's hap - less night, Sank 'neath op - pres - sion's yoke!
bards, with tales of days re - mote, Wake love and beau - ty's tears.
II.

NOTES ON THE FOLKSONGS.

THE word "folksong" needs definition and explanation in the United States more than elsewhere. There are to be heard, it is true, in many of our rural districts, songs and ballads which have folksong characteristics. But these songs, in most cases, are of purely local interest and of meagre artistic worth.[1] Not so with the folksongs of many of the older nations. Although such songs are, as a rule, the product of a people in its literary and musical infancy, they are epitomized expressions of the most vital human experiences;[2] and, in many cases, the melodies have such beauty and significance that the greatest composers have found in them models and inspiration for their finest creations. These melodies, like the poems of which they are the settings, owed their preservation to oral tradition, until musical culture and the printing press furnished means of assuring their immortality.

A folksong may then be defined as "a song composed by the people, for the people, and handed down by oral tradition."

A few of the modern imitations of the folksongs have become as popular as the genuine. A good example of this species is Silcher's setting of Heine's poem, "The Loreley." In our own country a few songs like "Way down upon the Suwanee River" by Foster, as well as some of the older college songs have practically assumed the rank of folksongs. The relation of such songs to the daily life of our people gives us an idea of the significance to the older nations of the melodies from which a selection has been made for the present volume.

Of such folksongs Andrew Lang has said:[1] "No one any longer attributes them to this or that author, or to this or that date. The attempt to find date or author for a genuine popular song is futile. What is confessedly true of folk-tales is true also of folksongs. They are, or have been, as universally sung as the fairy-tales have been narrated. . . . The great age and universal diffusion of the folksong may be proved. Its birth, from the lips and hearts of the people, may be contrasted with the origin of an artistic poetry in the demand of an aristocracy for a separate epic literature."

As has been said in the preface, no consistent attempt has been made to render the spirit of the original poems of other than English-speaking nations. The few cases where the originals have been followed will be recorded in the explanatory notes.

When it is not otherwise specified, the four-part arrangement of the song has been made by the Editor for this collection.

Page 22. This melody is one of the collection of forty selected French folksongs officially recom-

[1] We are speaking, of course, of American music in the ordinary sense. The American Indians have many genuine folksongs which are being carefully investigated by the archeologists. The negroes also possess a rich fund of folksongs which are worthy of far more attention than they have hitherto received.

[2] In this connection reference should be made to the multitude of songs of sorrow which have emanated from the various peoples. Reluctant as one may be to sing of grief and bereavement, it is impossible to make a representative collections of folksongs and wholly exclude those which suggest saddening experiences.

[1] *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 13th ed., v. III, p. 283.

mended in 1893 for general use in the grammar schools of France.

36. See note to p. 22.

38. The Basque people inhabit three nearly independent provinces in the northern part of Spain. Their character, language, and manners differ from those of the Spaniards. See note to p. 22.

38-II. There is no note, either by author or by editor, which would indicate that this song has reference to a particular singer. It is only one of the many songs in praise of the ancient bards.

The arrangement is that of Hille and Kestner.

40–41–42. These songs are three of the "Six Old-Netherlandish Folksongs" selected by Eduard Kremser from the collection of Adrianus Valerius, published in 1626. These songs so moved Emperor William of Germany, when he heard a performance of them in December, 1893, that he recommended their general introduction into the public schools of the Empire. The period of their origin and popularity was the trying and glorious one of the struggle between the Netherlands and Philip II of Spain, in which William of Orange was a prominent figure, — 1567–1609.

The arrangements for mixed chorus are those of Kremser.

43. This song is a representative folksong in the words as well as in the music.

44. There was a tradition that the Welsh bards were put to death at the time of Edward I, who conquered Wales toward the end of the thirteenth century. This chant is supposed to be their death-song. The tradition is in all probability false; but its mere existence shows how great were the power and the influence attributed by the common people to the bards of olden time.

The arrangement is that of Hille and Kestner. The minor coda was added by John Parry to the original melody about 1820.

45. See note to p. 22.

47. One of the best-known songs of Naples. The arrangement is that of J. Heim, slightly modified.

49. Called "A Skipper's Song" in the original.

50. Arrangement by J. Heim.

52. "The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country; and, while it was preparing for battle, he performed an ancient song, called the 'Monarchy of Britain.' It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders." — JONES'S *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards.* See note to p. 57.

56. The reference is to Christian IV, King of Denmark and Norway, who reigned from 1596 to 1648. As the song indicates, he loved the sea, and made himself famous by naval victories. But his efforts, during times of peace, to improve the internal condition of his realm, were successful and noteworthy. He was prominent at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, but later was defeated and humiliated by the famous Wallenstein. The melody of the song probably dates from the time of Christian, but the poem is by D. L. Rogert, who died in 1813.

57. Arrangement by Hille and Kestner.

59–60. These words have various settings, two of which are given here. The second seems to have been imported by Scotch singers from the Bavarian Highlands.

The arrangements are by C. and A. Kissner.

62. Again the original words have been followed.

63. Apparently a mountaineer's song. It bears a strong resemblance to the Tyrolean melodies.

64. See note to p. 22.

65. The word "ojalá" should be pronounced *oh-hah-lah.* It is an exclamation expressing a strong wish. See note to p. 71.

68. The arrangement is slightly modified from that of Reinecke.

70. The arrangement is considerably modified from that of J. J. Maier.

71–74–75-II. Arrangements by J. J. Maier.

77. This song is said in some collections to be of Slavonic origin. See note to p. 50.

78. See note to p. 70.

80. See note to p. 68.

81. See note to p. 71.

82. In 1332 William Douglas, known as "The Flower of Chivalry," was taken prisoner by the English, and, by command of Edward III, put in irons. Two years later he was ransomed, and returned to Scotland, where he surprised his friends by manifesting no resentment toward the English.

The arrangement is by C. and A. Kissner.

83. See note to p. 38-II.

85. The peculiar rhythm and harmonies of this song ought not to estrange the singers. The great beauty of the quaint melody will become evident after a little careful study.

The Siljan (pr. *sil-yan*) Lake is in the south-central part of Sweden, and Mora is a mountain near it. See note to p. 68.

86. The interesting career of "The Young Pretender" may well be made a subject of historical study in connection with the study of this song. It is to the climax of that career that the song makes allusion. In 1745 Charles Edward came to Scotland from the Continent, and, after several fruitless attempts, succeeded in gathering about him a small but enthusiastic army. By a series of happy chances it became possible for him to make rapid progress southward, even to within two days' march of London. The inhabitants of the metropolis were terror-stricken, and for a time many feared that the young prince might succeed in getting himself proclaimed king, under the title of James III and VIII. But the tide of affairs soon turned against him, and he suffered a crushing defeat at Culloden, April 16, 1746. The power of his winning ways is suggested by the song. "To the fascinating frankness of his manner and the grace and dignity of his bearing, more than to any power of his mind or heroism of his career, are to be attributed the successes of his early life." See note to p. 57.

88. The mountain Snowdon was known in tradition as the home of the Welsh muses, as Parnassus was of the Greek. See note to p. 57.

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